Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 4, 1971 / 50¢

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The First Americans as Artists

by KATHARINE KUH

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Northwest Coast Indian Mask (See page 44)

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We helped the black magazine that's helping black businessmen.

Black Enterprise Magazine is read by leading black businessmen, professionals, and business-oriented students. Chase Manhattan invested in this magazine when it first began and continues to serve its financial needs.

Primarily geared to helping its readers solve their business problems, the magazine also gives information on management techniques, guidelines for training, and identifies job opportunities.

Each issue devotes one story to the how's and why's one business became a success. And then analyzes how and why another business failed.

Black Enterprise is operating in the black. It has a controlled circulation of more than 100,000. And in its first year, its advertising revenues are almost a million dollars. But more importantly, the magazine has helped other black businesses get into the black.

A good motive for change is the profit motive.

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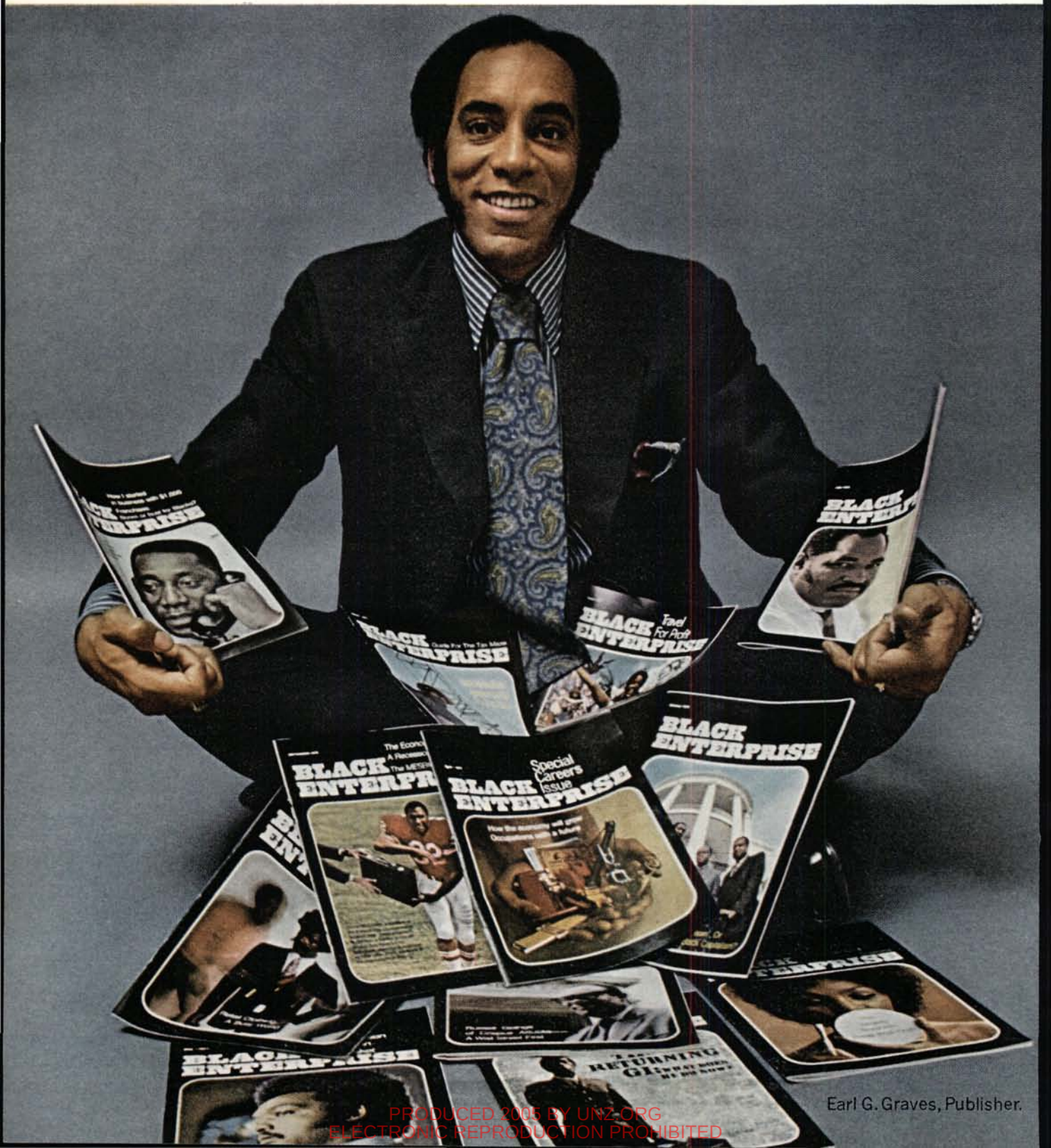

Earl G. Graves, Publisher.

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Produced and assembled by The New York Times...

The music that ignited a generation

GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES

SONGBOOK 82 songs—complete words and music—arranged for voice, piano and guitar (over $75 worth of sheet music)

- Spiral-bound to rest flat on piano or music rack
- Analysis and commentary on the music and the decade that produced it—by editor-musicologist Milton Okun and Tom Wicker, associate editor of *The New York Times*

ALBUM 3-record stereo album includes many of the decade's biggest hits, sung by the artists who made them famous

- 36 selections in a specially boxed set
- Never before collected in one set
- Not available in stores

CAN ANYONE KNOW OUR TIME WHO DOES NOT KNOW THESE GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES?

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Alice's Restaurant
Aquarius
Blowin' in the Wind
Bridge Over Troubled Water
Both Sides Now
By the Time I Get to Phoenix*
Cabaret
The Dangling Conversation
Do You Believe in Magic?*
Downtown
(Sittin' On) The Dock of the Bay
Eleanor Rigby
Everybody's Talkin'*
Gentle on My Mind
Georgy Girl*
The Girl from Ipanema *(Garôta de Ipanema)*
(I Think I'm) Goin' Out of My Head*
Hey Jude*
Honky Tonk Women
I Want to Hold Your Hand
I Will Wait for You
I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free
If I Were a Carpenter
If You Go Away *(Ne Me Quitte Pas)*
The Impossible Dream *(The Quest)**
Is That All There Is?*
It Was a Very Good Year*
King of the Road
Leaving on a Jet Plane*
Let the Sunshine In *(The Flesh Failures)*
Let's Get Together*
The Last Thing on My Mind*
Light My Fire
Like a Rolling Stone
Little Boxes*
A Man and a Woman *(Un Homme et une Femme)*
Marieke
Mellow Yellow
Monday, Monday*
Moon River*
Mr. Tambourine Man*
Mrs. Robinson
My Way
Never on Sunday*
New York Mining Disaster 1941
Ode to Billy Joe*
On a Clear Day *(You Can See Forever)**
Papa's Got a Brand New Bag
People
Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars *(Corcovado)**
Respect
Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head*
(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction
San Francisco *(Be Sure to Wear Some Flowers in Your Hair)**
Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud
Society's Child
The Sound of Silence
Spinning Wheel
Strangers in the Night*
Sunny
Sunrise, Sunset
Suzanne*
A Taste of Honey*
There but for Fortune
Those Were the Days
A Time for Us *(Love Theme from "Romeo & Juliet")**
The Times They Are A-Changin'
Try to Remember
Turn! Turn! Turn! *(To Everything There Is a Season)**
Up, Up and Away
La Valse à Mille Temps *(Crazy Carousels)*
Waist Deep in the Big Muddy
Walk On By*
We Shall Overcome*
The Weight*
What Now My Love*
What the World Needs Now Is Love*
Where Have All the Flowers Gone?*
The Windmills of Your Mind*
You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'
Yesterday*

*** Selection included in the GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES 3-record album**

SONGBOOK AND ALBUM OBTAINABLE TOGETHER AT A MARKED SAVING $17.95

[List prices of songbook and comparable album would come to more than **$33.50**]

IT WAS A DECADE of change—a decade in which the youth of the nation was passionately concerned with the quality of life, and passionately expressed this concern in every facet of their behavior—rejection of the past, style of dress, hair, speech. And, most of all, in music.

Now the best of this music—82 of the decade's biggest hits—has been collected in a big, beautiful, comprehensive songbook that could only have been assembled with the help of the vast information-gathering talents of *The New York Times*. GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES contains every word, every note of the songs whose power, beauty and poetry still move us today, songs we'll still cherish tomorrow...like "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?"..."We Shall Overcome"..."Eleanor Rigby"..."Ode to Billy Joe"..."Aquarius."

Never before has the music of an era been such an extraordinary cultural force. In GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES, you can examine its impact as you read along in the fascinating text by editor-musicologist Milton Okun. And you'll find fresh political and social insights into the '60s in the introduction by Tom Wicker, associate editor of *The New York Times*.

All 82 songs are arranged for voice, piano and guitar. Handsome to look at and convenient to use, GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES has a heavy-duty spiral binding which keeps pages flat on the piano or music rack.

GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES Stereo Album

Thirty-six selections from GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES have been collected in a specially created boxed set of three stereo records. Included are many of the decade's biggest hits, sung by the artists who made them famous—Glen Campbell singing "By the Time I Get to Phoenix"...Leonard Cohen singing his own "Suzanne"...The Mamas and the Papas with "Monday, Monday"...Dionne Warwick with "Alfie"... and you'll hear many more of the poets, musicians and culture heroes who made musical history. This amazing collection, *available only by mail*, can be yours in this special Book-of-the-Month Club® offer.

List prices of the songbook and a comparable 3-record stereo album would total at least $33.50. But now, through this special offer, you can have both for only $17.95. Return the coupon today, and we'll send them to you for 15 days' free examination. Play and sing the songs, listen to the records—if you're not as enthusiastic as the music critics, musicians and just plain music lovers all over the country, return them without obligation.

GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES
Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17011 **1-T166-9-1**

Please send me the GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES songbook and 3-record stereo album for just $17.95 plus postage and handling. If I wish, I may return this order after 15 days' examination and owe nothing. If I keep it, you will bill me in installments (with the postage and handling added to the first bill), but I may pay in full upon receipt if I prefer.

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(Please print plainly)

Address 14

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State ..... *Zip* .....

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Our armored pay phone:
Why the street corner phone is no longer in danger of becoming extinct.

Many of the pay phones that don't work, don't work because they've been tampered with.

Last year alone, vandals caused a repair bill of over twelve million dollars, just on pay phones.

One solution to this problem might have been to remove frequently vandalized phones.

But we were determined to improve service in spite of vandalism. Which is the reason Western Electric, our manufacturing unit, builds a pay phone with features designed to make life more difficult for vandals.

The phone has a cable sheathed in steel. That way it's harder to cut.

The dial is recessed and made of virtually unbreakable plastic.

The case is heavy-gauge steel.

And there's a special anti-theft device to make sure the money you deposit goes for a phone call. Instead of into someone's pocket.

But no pay phone can be one-hundred percent tamperproof.

So if you find a phone that's been vandalized, let us know. We want to fix it. And if you put money in the slot and didn't get it back, tell us, and we'll send you a refund.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are continually trying to improve your service.

That includes replacing vandalized pay phones with armored pay phones.

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(Advertisement)

Today on my agenda is that rare and wondrous item: the first novel that drifted in through the mail unsolicited, unheralded, unagented, unhyped. We read it, loved it, signed it, and just published it. The author's name is Robbie Branscum. The book is a young adult novel called ME AND JIM LUKE. The setting is the rural south of the thirties.

ME AND JIM LUKE is a blood-chilling, old-fashioned yarn about two dirt poor boys who solve a murder and while doing so face down the KKK. Now, we can all admire a skilled, professional writer who picks a period and locale, researches diligently and puts together an elegant piece of fiction. But there is a special place, in my heart at least, for a writer who writes what he *knows*, deep down, out of his past.

Robbie Branscum learned to read before she ever went to school, and by the time she was six years old she had read all the newspapers that papered the walls of her grandparents farmhouse in the hills of Arkansas. She had to stand on chairs to read the ceiling, and sometimes on her head to read the upsidedown ones. She went no further than the eighth grade because, as she says, "Folks didn't believe that a girl needed much schoolin' for they would just get married anyways." Well, Robbie Branscum did get married, at the age of 15 to a boy not much older. Now, some years later, she has written one of the most charmingly ingenuous yarns ever to come out of her part of the country.

Recently, Robbie Branscum wrote us a letter about herself. She said: "I love reading, writing, cooking, kids, dogs, farms and fishing. I want a dog, a farm, to write a bestseller." If the advance comments on ME AND JIM LUKE are an indication of how kids and grownups are going to like this story, it could be that part of Robbie Branscum's dream could come true. At least that's what we are all hoping for.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

ME AND JIM LUKE ($3.95), by Robbie Branscum, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bokseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 10451 Nordhoff, Northridge, California 91324.

September 4, 1971

Saturday Review

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
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by Katharine Kuh

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steel cans most of all.

Recycling is "old hat" to the steel industry. For the past 30 years, more than half the raw material used to make new steel has been old steel. Today's cans and cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products are made from steel recycled from yesterday's cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products—58 *billion* pounds' worth last year alone.

What's new is the steel industry's program to help collect used cans—all kinds of cans—and to recycle all the steel cans it can get.

Steel

Tinplate Producers
American Iron and Steel Institute

STEEL—the recycled material.

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At bookstores, or postpaid from Quest Books Dept. SR, Box 270, Wheaton, IL 60187. *Ask for our Fall list, free.*

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Street Trio

He of the tie-dyed tank-top
And the beaded headband
Stoops to caress the cheek of her
Of the floral-embroidered Levis.

She of the electric hair
And Marxist workshirt
Rises beneath this gesture
Of him of the elephant-hair bracelets
And the bandito mustachio.

Swinging low beneath her liberated bosom
In a denim sling, their baby,
It of the pierced ears,
Grooves somnolently
In the dusty sunshine.

While he of the rimless glasses
And the serpentine tattoo
Plants a bag of macrobiotic groceries
On the hip of her
Of the Vampira eyelids.

And, staggering a little,
She follows him into the subway.

—RICHARD PECK.

Once Again, the Purple Finger

BY CHOOSING to keep the Post Office Department's same old purple deformed hand, the new United States Postal Service is off to a bad start.

Ever since I can remember the Post Office Department had taken every opportunity to return my letters stamped with a little hand, on which was printed "Returned to Sender." The hand, with forefinger pointing accusingly, stuck out of a purple cuff. There was a single stripe around the sleeve, indicating that the hand belonged to an officer, perhaps an ensign, in the postal service.

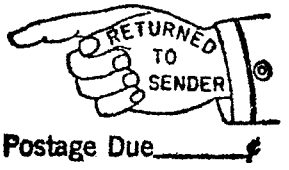
It looked like this:

The hand usually pointed to a scribbled notation on the envelope, which I was unable to read. Once I got a letter back with the hand directing me to the stamped phrase: "No Mall Receptacle." The announcement puzzled me, until I concluded that the first "l" was an "i" with too much purple ink under its belt.

Sometimes the finger pointed to a stamp that said "Returned for Better Address." This always struck me as snobbish.

On rare occasions, the Post Office Department good-naturedly told me what I had done wrong by using a different stamp on my returned envelope. It was the same hand, but underneath was a list which could be checked: Unclaimed, Refused, Addressee unknown, Insufficient address, No such street, No such number, No such office in state, or Do not remail in this envelope.

During the past couple of years, the stamp I have seen most frequently looked like this:



But the return of my letters over the years hasn't bothered me nearly as much as the hand itself. Early in the game I sensed that something was wrong with it. One day I tried to point my own right hand like the purple Post Office stamp.

It was impossible! After a good deal of futile tugging and wrenching, I concluded that I would have to break my index finger and give it a quarter-turn to the left in order to match it up. But that would still leave me with a too-long thumb, which would need to be shortened drastically, and twisted, to conform to postal standards. And then there was the funny way my little finger bent back over my palm.

Ever since that day I have worried and wondered about the deformed hand. Who designed it? Was his own hand deformed? Or was he right-handed and confronted with the shaky task of drawing with his left hand while using his right hand as a model? What Post Office Department official approved the drawing? Why? Who ordered the hand stamps made and sent out to post offices throughout the land? At one time there were more than 76,000 post offices in the United States, each with presumably at least one bad hand. Didn't *anybody* notice?

When I first heard the news that a semi-independent United States Postal Service would take over and revamp the old Post Office Department, I was elated. Not only would the new public corporation utilize modern business techniques to get my letters through, but it would design new symbols. A

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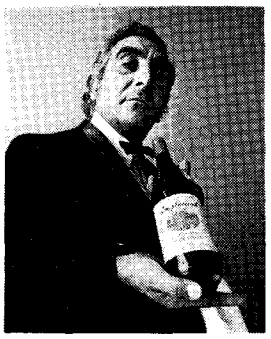
A LITTLE BOTTLE OF WINE SHOULDN'T MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A FOOL.



Wine with a meal should be one of life's biggest pleasures.

But the act of ordering and tasting it can be one of life's biggest pains.

That's because how much you know about wine has somehow become an index to how much you've been around. And when the waiter hands you the wine list, it's as if he's handing you your final exam. And the worst part is, it's an oral exam.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help. We think if you knew exactly what all the ritual was about, you'd feel a lot more comfortable about ordering fine wine with your meals. Which is certainly in our best interests.

BE PREPARED.

First, you ought to be able to pronounce wine names correctly. Nothing can shake your confidence more thoroughly than to blurt out your order and pronounce it completely and totally wrong.

INGLENOOK'S GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

WHITE DINNER WINES	
Chablis	sha-blee'
Pinot Chardonnay	pea-no Shar-doh-nay'
Pinot Blanc	pea-no blanh
Chenin Blanc	she-nahn blanh
Sauterne	so-tairn'
Sauvignon Blanc	so-vee-nyonh blanh
Semillon	say'-mee-yonh
Riesling	reez'-ling
Sylvaner	sil'-vah-ner
Traminer	trah-mee'-ner
RED DINNER WINES	
Charbono	shar-bo-no
Gamay	gah-may
Pinot Noir	pea-no no-ahr
Red Pinot	red pea-no
Cabernet Sauvignon	kab-er-nay' so-vee-nyonh
Zinfandel	zin-fan-dell
Gamay Beaujolais	gah-may boh-sho-lay

Or worse yet, just pointing to a wine on the list and saying, "Er, ah, we'll have a bottle of that one."

Most people have trouble with wine names because they're mostly French words. Actually, they're really not that hard if you work at them a bit. This pronunciation guide should help.

KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

Now let's go through the whole thing step by step. First you order the wine, pronouncing it correctly. So far, so good. The waiter brings it out and shows it to you. At this point, you're supposed to inspect the label to see if it's the wine you ordered. Check the brand, the type of wine, and the vintage.

That done, the waiter should now open the wine. This is a ritual in itself. A good wine steward should remove the cork and smell it. This is to see if everything is alright. If the bottle has been stored in an upright position, the cork could dry up and air could get through and spoil the wine.

The cork should be placed beside your plate and the wine left open on the table, but not poured. This allows the wine to come into contact with air, which expands its bouquet and gives it a fuller taste. Just before the main course, the waiter should return to pour the wine.

"IT'S A GOOD POISON, BUT IT'S NOT A GREAT POISON."

What follows here is a ritual dating back to the Middle Ages. At that time, a good way to kill off your enemies was to invite them to dinner and slip a little poison in their wine.

Needless to say, everyone soon got a little paranoid about going over to someone's castle for dinner. So in order to set the guests at ease, the host would take the first sip of wine.

We do the same thing today, but there's a more practical reason for this. The host, or man at the table, takes the first sip of wine simply to see if the wine has turned. If a wine has "turned" it has begun to dry out or oxidize. All wines will become corky and sour, if they are exposed to the air for a long period of time. So if the wine tastes unsatisfactory to you, send it back.

AN EASY WAY OUT.

If you still feel a little threatened by the whole situation, here's an easy way to get on top of it.

Ask the waiter which wines on the list are estate bottled.

An estate bottled wine is made only from grapes grown in vineyards under the constant supervision of the vintner.

Then ask him, of those wines, which ones come from Napa Valley.

And of those, which wines are vintage wines.

That should narrow it down to Inglenook.

Which will probably be the most expensive wine on the list, and the best.

The waiter is sure to give you some points for your selection of wine.

Because no fool ever ordered Inglenook with his dinner.

ESTATE BOTTLED
Inglenook
Napa Valley
CHARBONO
1967

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY INGLENOOK VINEYARDS, AT RUTHERFORD, NAPA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA
ALCOHOL 12% BY VOLUME

INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

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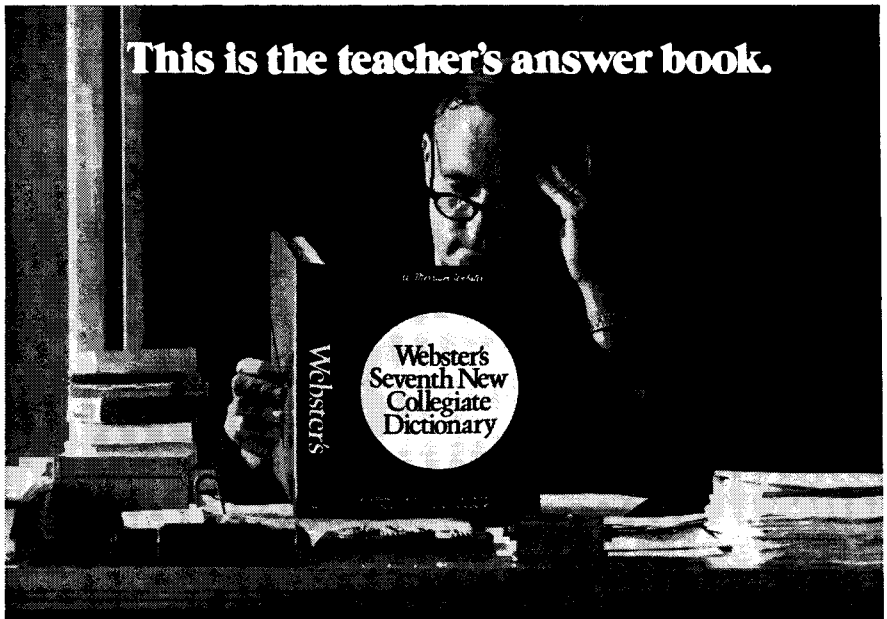

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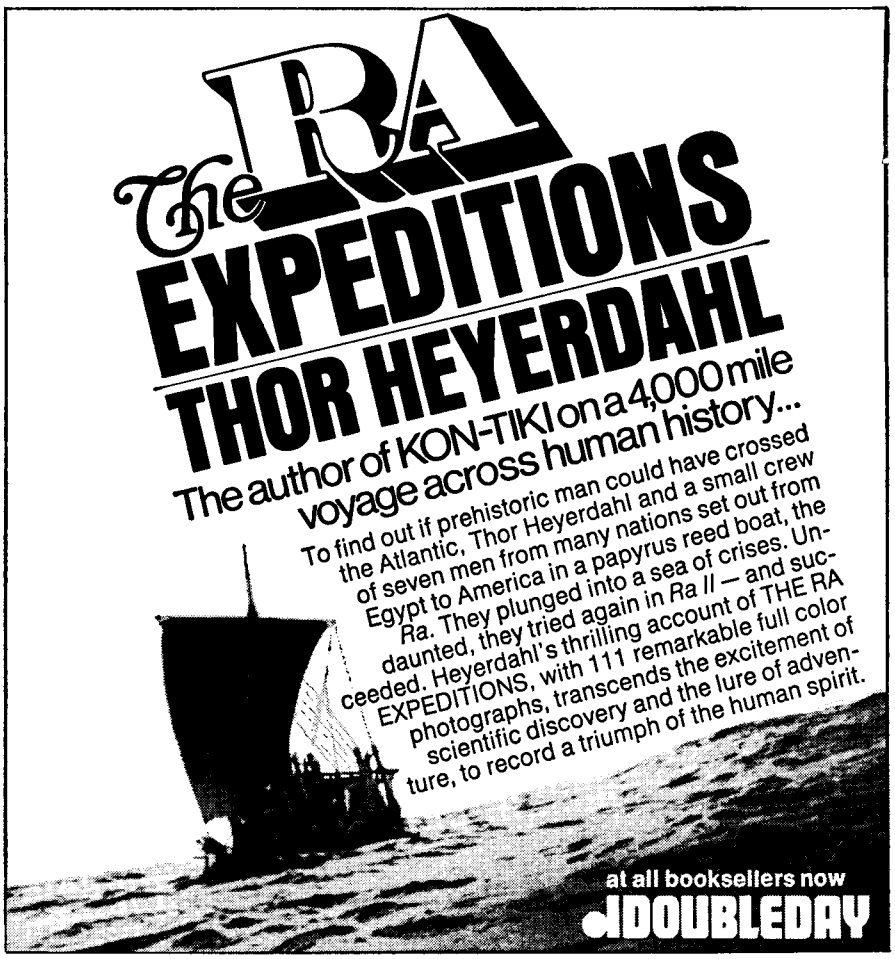
The RA EXPEDITIONS
THOR HEYERDAHL
The author of KON-TIKI on a 4,000 mile voyage across human history...
To find out if prehistoric man could have crossed the Atlantic, Thor Heyerdahl and a small crew of seven men from many nations set out from Egypt to America in a papyrus reed boat, the Ra. They plunged into a sea of crises. Undaunted, they tried again in Ra II — and succeeded. Heyerdahl's thrilling account of THE RA EXPEDITIONS, with 111 remarkable full color photographs, transcends the excitement of scientific discovery and the lure of adventure, to record a triumph of the human spirit.
at all booksellers now
DOUBLEDAY

fancy eagle would replace the pony express rider on mailboxes and uniforms. Surely, the USPS would operate on the old purple hand, either straightening the joints or cutting it off cleanly at the wrist and replacing it with something more human.

The USPS was launched July 1 with great fanfare, and government officials hailed the postal reorganization as a major achievement. I eagerly awaited my first rejected letter. Weeks went by, and none came. Could it be . . . ?

No, it couldn't. The day before yesterday, the postman slipped a battered envelope in my box, a veteran of a dozen canceling machines and innumerable illegible scribblings. And on the lower right corner, in prehistoric postal purple:

—Dereck Williamson.

The Day Science Muffed It

Apollo 48 was under the command of Lieutenant George Spelvin, and, though the flight did set new records for pure scientific achievement (the crew uncovered a schist that proved to be either a hundred ten million or four hundred million years old), the story was back on page 4.

Apollo 53 was the first mission that landed without receiving the traditional phone call. The President had had a busy morning talking with Joe Namath about his other knee, and the flight had slipped his mind.

Apollo 64 splashed down in the Pacific only five inches from its predicted landing spot, and, as the twelve-man crew climbed aboard the carrier, a warrant officer presented their leader with an electric toaster.

Apollo 71 came down in the carrier's funnel and the men were brought up by elevator from the boiler room and told not to be smartalecky.

Apollo 91 was commanded by Sergeant Al "Red" Diener, a nice boy from Niles, Michigan. The papers didn't bother to mention the flight and Al was somewhat upset. He thought he had found something up there that was worth, well, not a medal or anything, but at least he wanted to get in touch with someone from a museum or something like that, but nobody wanted to hear about it and the venture, if one could call it that so late in the scheme of things, was forgotten.

There was a mistake here. Someone should have talked with Al and at least looked at what he had brought back.

It was a dragon's tooth.

—Henry Morgan.

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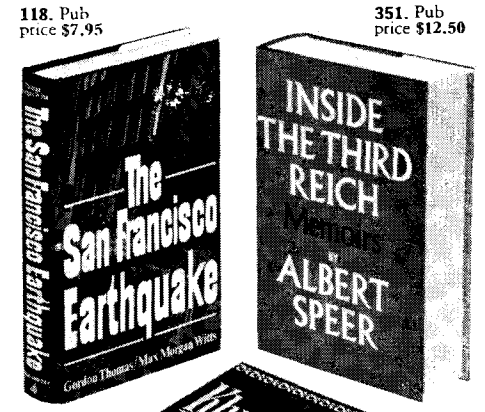

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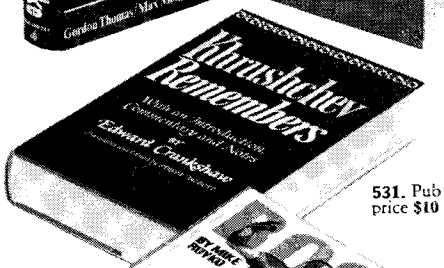

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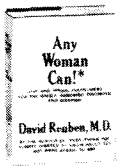

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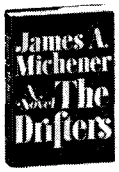

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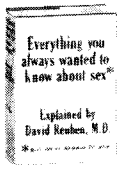

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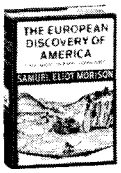

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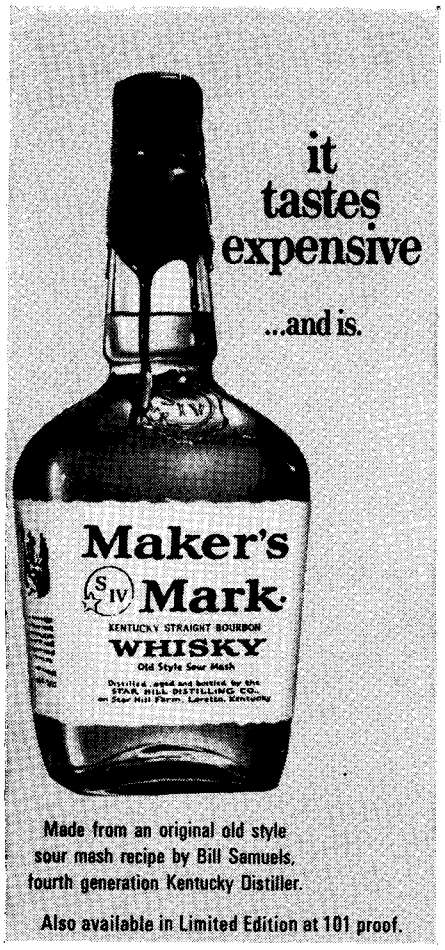
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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Appendicitis Papers

THE BIG newspaper scoop of the year was that James Reston, a vice president of *The New York Times* and reporter *extraordinaire*, went on a secret mission to Peking to discover for himself what was truly on the honorable, Oriental mind of Chou En-lai, Premier of the People's Republic of China.

In accordance with its policy of fair play, the *Times*, which had printed the secret Pentagon papers, declassified its own papers on the hush-hush Reston visit to China and front-paged a brilliantly written and informative interview with the Premier. The people have the right to know.

What it didn't disclose was the story behind the story of Mr. Reston's sudden trip to China. I have here a classified paper behind the paper, handed to me by an administration official, a letter carrier who has become disenchanted with the way Winton Blount is running the new U.S. Postal Corporation. The paper is being published here for the first time, because all the people in a democracy, who are world-renowned for being so nosy, have the right to know.

This secret operation began early in July, when Mr. Reston arose one morning and felt a sticking pang in his lower right side. He phoned his doctor. A recorded message told him the doctor would not be available that day. It was then that Mr. Reston realized it was Wednesday, a day, as we all know very well, doctors take off to play golf.

Because of his distress, which could only be described as dire, Mr. Reston felt that his appendix was acting up. But he wanted a second opinion. He looked at a world map for a country that didn't play golf. He picked China. Then he called Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, editor and publisher of the *Times*, and told him he planned to go to China to have his appendix removed.

Mr. Sulzberger OK'd the trip, and when Mr. Reston told him he didn't want the news of his mission spread around the office Mr. Sulzberger said he would keep it quiet. The mission would be coded "Operation Operation." And as for his executive vice president, Harding F. Bancroft—who is forever asking, "What's new, Chief?"—he would send him on a good-will trip to Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Ethiopia, Kenya, and Spain to mollify special subscribers to the *Times* who, because of a damn computer problem of some kind, have not been getting their copies lately.

So it was that Mr. Reston took a fast plane to Peking, where he went immediately to the famous and highly regarded Mao Tse-tung Hospital. The doctor's diagnosis was that the appendix would have to be taken out at once. The operation was successful, although afterward the patient complained of severe pains in the abdomen.

Postoperative paralytic ileus, or gas pains, is common. The cure Chinese doctors have for these pains is to take some long, sharp needles—prongs—heat them in some boiling herbs, and perform an acupuncture. Stick them in his belly. The medical theory is that the patient forgets his gas pain and concentrates on the acupuncture.

Nevertheless, Mr. Reston made a speedy recovery. As long as he was in China, he decided to seek an interview with Mao Tse-tung. He chose Mao because the word in our country is that Chou En-lai talks to foreign visitors only in the month of May. Besides, a Pulitzer Prize newsman (he should get it for this story) ought to be permitted to speak to the highest official in the land. How would a high Chinese official feel if he came to Washington and the only one who would speak to him were Martha Mitchell?

But Mao was out of town. He was on the road plugging his best-selling book. So it was arranged for Mr. Reston to have an interview with Chou En-lai. They met for a five-hour talk that included an eleven-course dinner, which Mr. Reston in his report to the *Times* described as follows:

"First, hors d'oeuvres of green beans, cold duck and chicken, and delicious morsels of fish, and prawns." (Prawns after all those prongs?) "Then the first of three soup courses, this one oyster broth with tiny oysters the size of a quarter, floating in slices of cucumber, followed by a dish of shrimp balls, quail eggs, cabbage, and sea slugs."

That's what I call a complete recovery. But in the candid, five-hour recorded interview with the Premier, Mr. Reston gave us the keenest insight into China's posture in the struggle for world survival.

An intensive study of that interview could even save President Nixon the trip next May. Unless he wakes up one morning with a sticking pang in his lower right side. And it's a Wednesday. Then, of course, he could immediately check into that highly regarded Mao Hospital. (Mao Brothers?)

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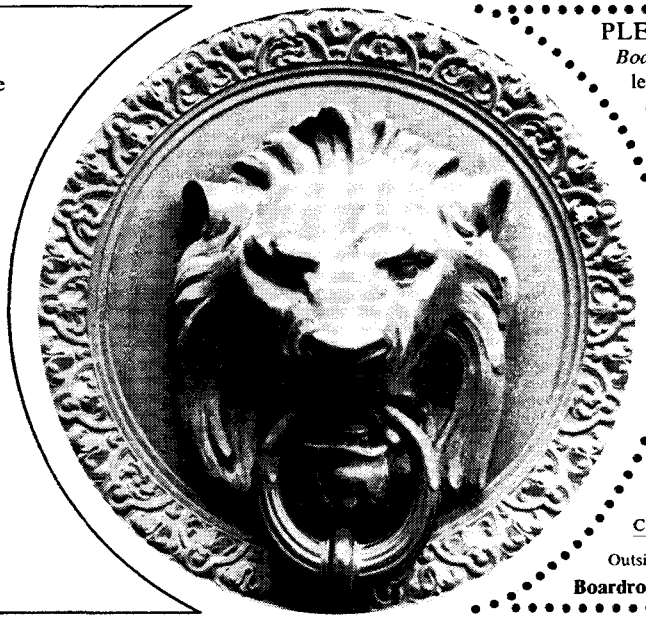

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

Say It in Stone

CEMETERY-HOPPING is not one of my passionate pastimes, but over the years I have been to innumerable burial places abroad as well as at home, because often they can be pleasant to visit even if you wouldn't want to live there. A cemetery bench is cozy and relaxing, especially if one has a book in hand—almost any book would likely be more interesting reading than the surrounding epitaphs, which get to be rather monotonous. Epitaphs quite invariably are saccharine and probably don't bear much relationship to truth. I can't help wondering what kind of crotchety biddy Sarah Grimsey was, whose children marked her grave with "In loving memory of our darling, devoted, ever kind and loving mother, who fell asleep on June 11, 1881." That "fell asleep" phrase, by the way, is almost but not quite as common here as "perished at sea" or "safe anchorage at last," no doubt because England always was big on sailors.

The truly fascinating epitaphs I have come across exist only in anthologies, with the originals usually indicated as being in off-beat nooks like Appleboro Falls, North Dakota, or Llanuwchilyn, Wales, and I don't often get to them. What I would like to stumble on, say in Cypress Hills, Long Island, or Forest Lawn, Los Angeles, is a line such as "Here lies Walter Waters, a greedy, grasping, double-dealing cheat, who unfortunately didn't die earlier."

Primarily, I choose sanctuaries where I know men and women are buried whose works or books once made some impression on me. In England, one could be satisfied, no doubt, by concentrating on Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral. However, once distinguished sovereigns, soldiers, statesmen, and authors are scattered and resting all over the place. You know, Benjamin Disraeli in Hughenden, Edmund Burke in Beaconsfield, the Magna Charta King John in Worcester, and so forth.

About a month ago, I was made aware that Thomas Gray died in 1771, exactly two centuries ago, and I felt a jaunt to Stoke Poges, where the poet is buried, might be in order—a minor expedition to the graveyard that gave rise to the "Elegy" and where I might myself revel in some of "the short and simple annals of the poor." But on the chosen day, the thirty miles to Buckinghamshire seemed too far to travel in inclement weather, so I settled instead for Highgate Cemetery, right in London. It might be worthwhile, I thought, to see the grave of Karl Marx. I always considered *Das Kapital* a great big bore, but had been ashamed to admit it to anybody, and now I'd have a chance to say so, directly to the author, so to speak, sort of person to person.

It is a monstrous bust of Marx that identifies his grave. An attendant told me that the monument is vandalized occasionally by local anti-Communists, who once chopped his nose off, but at this moment it was in good repair and adorned with wreaths from current admirers in Hungary and the U.S.S.R. Immediately opposite, to my astonishment and delight, a simple stone stands over the ashes of Herbert Spencer, an extraordinary juxtaposition, especially to natives, who are much more familiar with Marks & Spencer, the country's fabulous chain of retail shops, than with eminent political and social philosophers.

More people, I learned, come from around the world to pay homage to Herr Marx than ever give more than a passing glance at the graves of Michael Faraday, George Eliot, the Rossettis, the parents and wife and seventh child of Charles Dickens, or any of the other persons of some historic or literary fame whose remains are also in Highgate. I suspect I may be the only person in a decade to trudge through the dark jungle of trees and underbrush to find the final resting place of Ellen Wood, whose *East Lynne* probably evoked more genuine tears than ever were shed in a churchyard. I may also, I suspect, be one of only a few hundred souls a year who climb the soggy paths to the top, where England's only catacombs are located, to look at the tomb of Radclyffe Hall. Ah, me, what a furor that lady created in 1918 with publication of her *Well of Loneliness*, a novel with a lesbian theme that would now be reckoned as innocuous as a child's Sunday school tract or P. L. Travers's *Mary Poppins*.

I had had enough of sepulchers for one day, but an old gentleman approached me suddenly and asked if I would be interested in the grave of Harry Thornton. "I don't know who he is," the gentleman said, "but there's a grand piano over his grave, and I've never seen anything like it before." Well, neither had I. So I inquired the direction and followed it. It is hard to believe, but there is indeed a grand piano, almost life-size, constructed of granite. The inscription says merely, "To the memory of my beloved hus-

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band Harry Thornton, age 35, a genius who died Oct. 19, 1918."

Who was Harry Thornton? Nobody knows. He left no will, or there would be a record of it in Somerset House, that repository of vital statistics covering all of England's births, marriages, divorces, and deaths. There is in the files no mention of his passing. I have been able to find no obituary, nor any clue to his widow. Over the weeks, I have researched Somerset House top to bottom, backwards and forwards. I have consulted with libraries, newspapers, the Performing Arts Society, music publishers, the musicians' union, piano manufacturers, makers of monuments.

Even Scotland Yard has been unable to help me. The British Museum librarians, somewhat shamefaced, have confessed failure. The office of Highgate Cemetery itself knows nothing but the date on which Thornton was buried there, and who the funeral directors were. The records of the funeral directors were destroyed by a bomb during the last war. My regular work here has been largely neglected. I have lost several weeks of time. I have spent several sleepless nights. I begin to feel I should give up my prized membership in the Sherlock Holmes Society of London.

Who was Harry Thornton? Why would there be a replica of a grand piano over his grave? Was he a genius to anybody but his wife, and, if so, what made him so? Would anybody at home have any idea?

Until I know the answers, I will not rest in peace, on earth, or in it.

WIT TWISTER #233

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

As light as any _ _ _ _ _ she came down,
Each _ _ _ _ _ a ripple on her flowing gown.
A _ _ _ _ _ at supper this enchantment broke:
The upper one, that _ _ _ _ _ out as she spoke!

—A. S.

(Answer on page 58)

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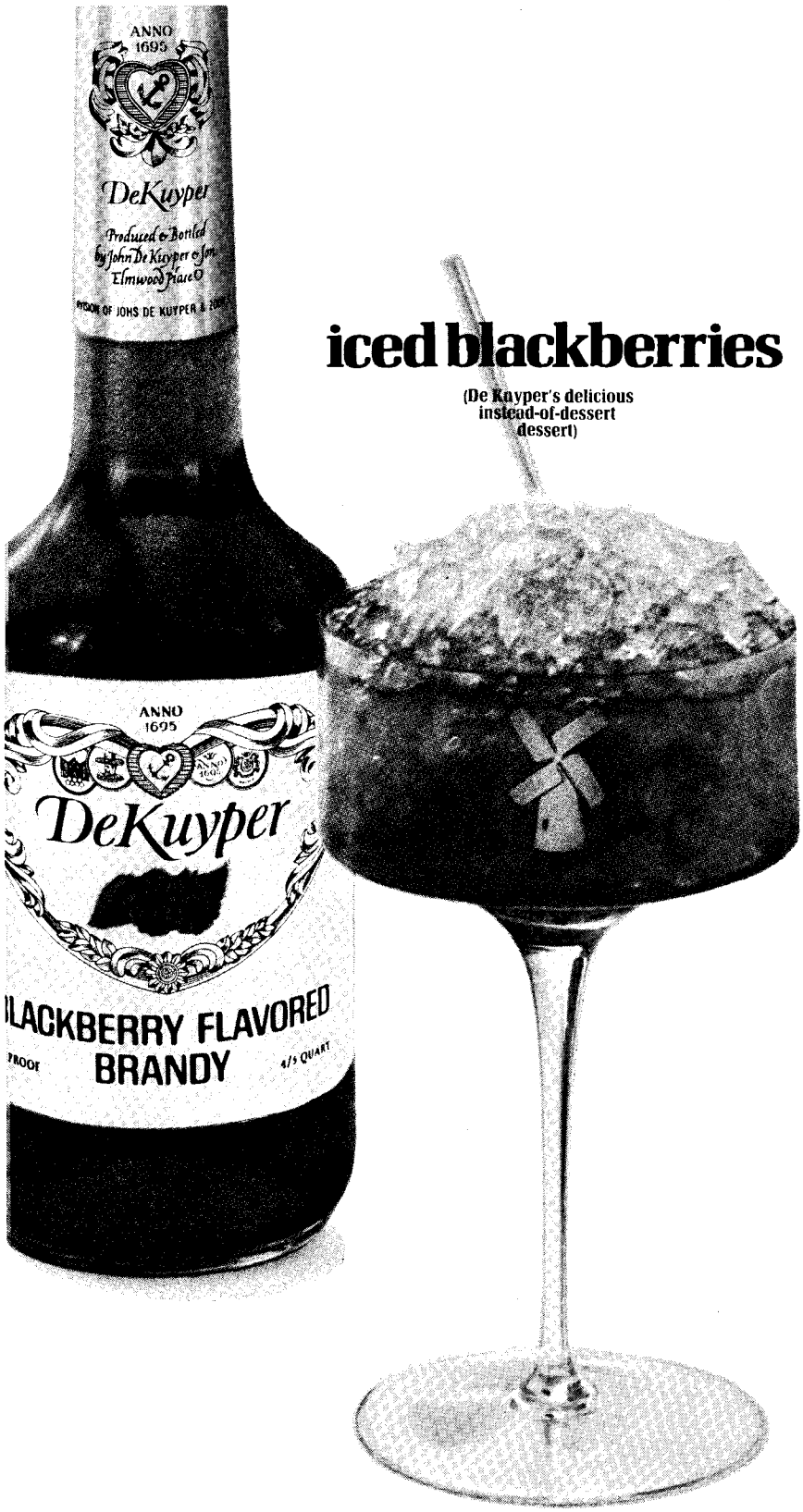

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Editorial of the Week—as located by Evelyn Eaton of Independence, California, in *Search* magazine:

> What's new? The other day we met some bright and earnest youngsters who call themselves the "new people." They are very concerned about the state the world is in, and they want to do something to change it. Astrologically speaking, they also call themselves "Aquarians," which is popularly said to be bringing the dawn of a new age. And they are very much concerned with doing something basic, with themselves—and that basic thing is explained as "love." A brand-new kind of love, best described by the addition of the word "fried."

Gee, we thought they never touched the stuff. As if that weren't enough, Mrs. H. L. Wilson of Augusta, Maine, came up with the teen news of the week in Jean Adams's TEEN FORUM in the Kennebec *Journal*:

> Q. I'm 16. I hate my parents. I wish I were dead. I've quit school.
>
> Those are just the basic facts. After I quit school I was very upset so my parents sent me to a social worker. I've now grown to really like him. He's the only one I have to live for.
>
> I wish we could be friends for all time. I've told him this. I love him and cry about him all day. And I will never go back to that school.
>
> —NOTHING BUT TEARS IN TEXAS
>
> A. What is happening to you is not unusual among girls or women who consult a counselor because of emotional troubles. I believe the young man who is helping you is aware of your condition and won't "drop" you until you are emotionally ready to make it on your own. He has bees trained to handle situations such as yours.

What, no birds? And finally, a wedding note—as found by John Felton in the Dayton *Journal Herald*:

> JUDY LYNN HIXSON
> JAMES D. BUSH
>
> She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Hixson, 638 Wellmeier Ave. She is employed by Homestead Federal Saving and Loan Association.
>
> He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Bush of 1040 June Drive, Xenia. He is survived by Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

They shouldn't think of it that way —they've *gained* a daughter.

Edward Kuhn, Jr., is a man who has been around in book publishing—in fact he has gone from Harper's to McGraw-Hill to New American Library to World to Playboy. And now he has come up with a novel—*The American Princess* (Simon & Schuster)—a richly readable story of an American girl married to a prince of a tiny Himalayan mountain kingdom called Baktu. We were stern with Mr. Kuhn. Wasn't there enough competition without editors writing too? Editors were supposed to edit, weren't they, and let authors auth?

Mr. Kuhn is a man who can even deadpan a smile. "I've never thought of myself as a writer," he said. "I always loved being an editor. I've always thought and still think an editor's job is behind the scenes. I think of an editor as a damn good mechanic, but that's it. It's a little thing, but when I was at McGraw-Hill, we never used to say 'I.' A book was 'ours,' not 'mine.'" Mr. Kuhn paused. "The editorial we," he said, "really was the editorial us. Nowadays I seem to be conscious of a lot more 'I's' in the business."

Not only does Mr. Kuhn have an ex-editor's view of editing, but, since his job at the Playboy Book Club is a three-day-a-week thing and he is now working the rest of the time on another novel, he also has a real author's view. "I work at my home in Chappaqua," he told me, "in a house that includes a wife and three sons. I have no telephone in the house that can't be unplugged, and I work with ear stoppers on. I call in at two o'clock to get my messages. And now I've learned something else about editors and authors. Again, it's a little thing. But for years I must have been kicking authors around without even knowing I was doing it. You know, when you're an editor and have all those little slips of paper around, it starts to grow—a tiny, insidious self-importance. You start putting people into categories. Joe can be called back later in the day. Someone else can call Jim. Sam doesn't have to be called until next week. But a call from the *Times* or *Book World* or *New York Review*—call them right away, of course.

"I had begun to see all this when I was editing," Mr. Kuhn continued. "But now I see it all from the other side of the fence. Take the time thing. What's the average response time from a publisher? It's a month. How many publishers do you send your manuscript to before one takes it? Four? Seven? And then how long before it's published? Mine was a year between the time I made my final correction

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and publication. The total can be two years—for an author the publisher *wants*—and all the time the author's in Nowheresville."

Born in Cincinnati, a product of public schools and Dartmouth, Mr. Kuhn drifted into publishing by the cocktail party route. He met the late Ed Aswell, Thomas Wolfe's second editor, and started talking to him about books. "What are you doing?" Aswell asked him. "I'm living in the Village," Kuhn replied, "trying to write. But I'm broke and I'm about to go home." "Don't do that," Aswell said. "Maybe you can be a reader. We're having a novel contest, and we're behind."

The next day Kuhn read two book-length manuscripts for Mr. Aswell and left two reports on his desk. One was terrible, he recalled; one had possibilities.

The books, we assumed, not the reports. In any case, by the time he was back in his apartment, there was a call that he was to go to work. The pay—$35 a week.

When Mr. Aswell moved to McGraw-Hill, Mr. Kuhn moved too—and, after Mr. Aswell left, Mr. Kuhn worked with such later editorial luminaries as Bob Gutwillig, Hal Scharlett, Dave Segal, Roger Donald, and Bob Cousins. "I stayed eighteen years at McGraw-Hill," he said. "I love McGraw-Hill. I have the greatest affection for Harold McGraw. I know it sounds so Establishment and antediluvian. A young guy will snap at me, 'What the hell do you mean, you love McGraw-Hill?' But I do."

Mr. Kuhn was not so happy at New American Library and World. "We had," he said briefly, "conglomeratitis." His princess book came about by pure chance. On a fishing trip to Wyoming, he met Hope Cooke's father, who was, and still is, a guide.

Had he, we asked, anything to say before we passed sentence? "Only this," he replied. "I told you that when I work at home, I wear ear plugs. Well, I love peanut brittle, and my mother-in-law gave me some the other day. Don't eat peanut brittle when you're wearing ear plugs. It sounds like an avalanche."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1951)

ROBERT (FARRAR) CAPON:
THE THIRD PEACOCK

We act as if only man were free, only man had knowledge, only man were capable of feeling. That is not only false, it is mischievous. It makes man a lonely exception to the tissue of creation, rather than a part of its hierarchy.

AN ORDINARY DOG IN AMERICA EATS BETTER THAN SHE DOES.

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But there's not a moment to lose. Every 60 seconds, five or six more children will die from starvation.

Write direct to Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, Box 5381, Dept. SR-9, Richmond, Va. 23220.

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☐ Or, I will pledge $ _____ per month.
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☐ If for a group, please specify _____ (Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

You can "adopt" a child from any of the following countries: Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong, India, Iran, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Mexico, Nigeria, Paraguay, Peru, Syria, Thailand, U.S.A.—Appalachian children or American Indians. (Or a child of greatest need.) All gifts are fully tax deductible.

CHILDREN, INCORPORATED

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Saturday Review
September 4, 1971

Statehood for Cities: The Impossible Dream

What would happen if our largest urban centers were allowed to go it alone? The prospects are not especially reassuring.

by RICHARD REEVES

One symptom of the desperation of American cities is that just about the only thing growing faster than urban problems is the rhetoric of urban solutions. And even the solutions themselves seem to be escalating. It's no longer enough to talk about such old faithfuls as "regional planning" or "metropolitan government"; now they're talking about city-states.

The idea of a modern city-state isn't new—New York City, Philadelphia, and Chicago have discussed going it alone off and on for forty years—but it is new as a serious political issue. Only two years ago, Norman Mailer and his "fifty-first state" campaign in New York City gave the city-state more publicity than anyone since Plato, but a lot of that was for laughs. No one's laughing now; there could be a real city-state debate in the 1970s.

The debate has already begun in New York, where Mayor John V. Lindsay has appointed a committee to study city-state relations and has an eight-page staff memo that begins: "The current session of the state legislature has made one fact painfully clear: New York City can no longer depend on a body of upstate legislators, who are out of touch with urban problems, to respond to the city's crucial needs. . . . Statehood is not an unrealistic possibility; indeed, it may well be the only sensible approach to governing New York City."

Indeed. Athens. Florence. New York. Chicago. Los Angeles. Newark. Why not? American cities have been getting the short end from the Republic ever since Thomas Jefferson wrote little notes to James Madison while they worked on the Constitution. One of the notes said: "I think our governments will remain virtuous for centuries as long as they are chiefly agricultural, and this will continue as long as there shall be vacant lands in any part of America. When they get piled upon one another in large cities as in Europe, they will become corrupt as in Europe."

They, the people, are piled upon one another in our cities and have been for a long time. And whatever their collective virtue, they're desperate after 200 years of exploitation by the good Jeffersonians of the federal and state governments. "FREE New York City" buttons are being worn by the 100 Congressmen and other elected officials circulating petitions for a November referendum as the first step toward trying to establish a fifty-first state. In Manhattan it's the greatest thing since 1861, when Mayor Fernando Wood wanted the city to secede from the Union and join the Confederacy.

Wood obviously wasn't much of a military prophet, but he was on to something about the attitudes of the U.S.A. This is an anti-urban country, fostered by gentlemen-farmers, raised in the Log Cabin tradition. In America there is something suspect about anyone born on the Lower East Side of anywhere. The first important public policy in the Republic—the Northwest Ordinance of 1787—provided free land for rural settlers and free land for their public schools. The children of New York City and Philadelphia didn't have public schools for another fifty years, and they waited 100 years more for any federal assistance in building them.

And anti-urbanism didn't end when the West was won. Federal legislation of the twentieth century, whatever it was designed to do, has helped to destroy our older cities. The agricultural recovery acts of the 1930s mechanized our farms and started pushing an unskilled rural under class onto the welfare rolls of northern cities. The Federal Housing Acts of the 1940s guaranteed the mortgaging of the suburbs, subsidizing the exodus of the tax-paying middle class out of the cities. The National Defense Highway Acts of the 1960s not only saved us from the Russians but provided a $60-billion suburban transportation system so that commerce and industry could follow workers into the greener pastures. It was an expensive business, financed by taxes paid in the cities—New York, for one, sent anywhere from $10 to $20 in income taxes to Washington for every dollar that came back in federal aid.

For all those years, the cities, which had no status under the Constitution, were orphans, or hostages, of rural-minded state legislatures carefully apportioned to keep cities in their place. It was in New York that George Washington Plunkitt, the sage of Tammany, complained in 1900 that his city was "ruled entirely by hayseed legislators at Albany," but it was in Los Angeles in 1962 that six million people had the same number of California state Senators—the number was one—as rural counties with a population of 40,000. The 162,000 residents of Hartford sent two representatives to the Connecticut legislature that year, the same number elected by the 1,400 virtuous citizens of a town called Barkhamstead. Not incidentally, New York, Philadelphia, and Hartford did not get much state help during the 175 American years before the Supreme Court's landmark "one man, one vote" ruling of the 1960s.

But the 1960s were too late. The

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population balance of most states had shifted from city to suburb. The lesson New York learned this year was that the suburbanites who control the state legislature are the same kind of domestic isolationists as Plunkitt's hayseeds. So now the Committee to Make New York City a State wants its own legislature, and other cities will probably soon have their own committees.

It's a lousy idea whose time seems to have come. At this point in their history, the nation's eighteenth- and nineteenth-century cities are in no shape to go it alone. The new cities, the Western cities, might conceivably make it—for example, Houston, which is still in the process of annexing relatively undeveloped suburbs (it's where New York was in 1898). But there are no wide open spaces around the old cities. They did their annexing (and had their golden economic ages) when Chicago, Philadelphia, and New Orleans were each less than two miles square, and when Manhattan was annexing Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx. That happened fifty to 100 years ago.

Even Athens and Florence thrived only as long as they dominated the countryside and held a credible threat of conquest over the smaller rivals surrounding them. Florence could attack Siena and Pisa to destroy their markets, but New York City, even as a state, couldn't invade the 775 separate governments surrounding it—even if it might be fun to march into Greenwich, Connecticut, and bring Pepsico and American Can Company back to Manhattan to pay taxes.

The statehood arguments are exciting, but they're as flawed for New York as they would be for other older cities where the debate may begin. The statehood committee, headed by Congresswoman Bella S. Abzug, and the memo to Mayor Lindsay have both focused on five arguments—which are quoted here from a full-page committee advertisement in *The New York Times*:

1) "If we kept all the tax money we now pay the state, we would have a net gain of almost $1-billion."

If we kept all the tax money we now pay the state, we'd end up losing money. It would cost a fortune to unravel the city and state—things like bringing convicts back to town from state prisons and taking back control of such fiscal disasters as the subway system, which is now run by a state agency—and it would cost another fortune to set up new institutions to duplicate existing state services, the appeals court system, for example.

2) "And as a separate state, that's not all we'd gain. We'd also be able to levy our own taxes—such as the proposed tax on commuters, who have been freeloading on us for years."

And as a separate state, what could we tax that isn't being taxed already? One of the latest taxes proposed in New York (and Baltimore) is a tax on advertising that is almost identical to the Stamp Tax that led to the Boston Tea Party. Sure, the commuters have been freeloading for years, but clobbering them with taxes now is no way to get even—their jobs are already moving out of the city, and heavier taxes would speed up that inevitable exodus. The suburbs are now a separate, bigger, and more prosperous circular city. All roads don't lead to Rome anymore. Look at Interstate Route 287. It winds north through New Jersey's outer suburbs, cuts across Rockland County, crosses the Hudson River to Westchester, and may eventually be linked to Long Island by a bridge across Long Island Sound. That's the future—beltways that encircle, but never touch, the central cities.

3) "We would get a direct and larger share of federal revenues."

We would, but it wouldn't be enough. A city-state of New York would do better in Washington—for one thing, many federal programs limit a single state's share of financial aid to 10 or 12.5 per cent, and New York City and other big cities usually get only half their state's share. But, very relatively speaking, that's peanuts. The big problem for the cities is that Washington redistributes wealth from such "have" areas as the Northeast to "have-nots" such as the South—New York, city or state, is going to get about $1 back from every $10 it sends to Washington until the day comes when the nation cares enough to send its very best to its troubled cities.

4) "We would gain two U.S. Senators and strengthen our city's Congressional delegation in Washington."

We would probably end up with nothing more than heavier representation on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. New York is an international, issue-oriented city, and its representatives have always pleased the home folks by concentrating on Vietnam and Israel while less sophisticated Congressmen from such places as Chicago and Fargo, North Dakota, have done boring little things such as the committee work that gets money back to their districts. Sen. Jacob K. Javits is the latest New Yorker to abandon a committee dealing with housing to get on Foreign Relations and make more speeches about the Common Market.

5) "And best of all, we would get our own Governor and legislature. To look after our own special problems."

And worst of all, we would get our own government, the most polarized government in the nation. Our city-state would be a bloody political battleground. It would be the 1969 mayoral campaign between John Lindsay and Mario Procaccino and the fight over a review board to consider complaints about policemen—West Side liberals and the minorities against white ethnics; Manhattan versus the outer boroughs. New York is two cities, con-

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stantly trying to tear each other apart over issues like "police brutality" versus "tying the cops' hands," and sometimes those issues can be most peaceably resolved by passing them to a higher, if somewhat alien, authority such as Albany. It was the *detached* hayseeds who settled the great sanitation strike, cut the lucrative pension agreements with unions City Hall did not have the power or the guts to deal with, and ended rent control, which city officials wanted to do, but couldn't in a city with two million voting tenants. Our own legislature would also have the right to decide such things as where to locate power plants; they couldn't put them up the Hudson River in Westchester County anymore, and it would be only a matter of time before a legislator from Queens suggested that Lincoln Center or Central Park would be a nice spot for that new generating station or incinerator.

The city-state talk is fine as a tactic to dramatize what's happening to our cities and to squeeze a few more bucks or more home-rule power from a state legislature—most American cities have so little home rule that they must get permission from their states to change street names, let alone change their tax structures. But the New York statehood people claim that they're beyond limited goals; they want to go all the way. The danger is that one of these days states that see their central cities as aged financial and social liabilities might just go along with secession plans and send them to Congress for final approval. That's all a Detroit or a Newark would need: They could be poor black cities officially independent from white suburbs, white states. Apartheid.

Like it or not, the suburbs now outnumber and outproduce the cities; the old "parasite" arguments are irrelevant. The suburbs are the future, and the cities need them as much as they need the cities. What used to be New York City has dispersed and decentralized into a thriving 100-mile metropolitan ring. What used to be small towns and bedroom suburbs is a new circular metropolis of ten million people and more jobs than workers. It's sad, but the functions of the central city have changed. New York, the most central, is still the international center and market place on the surface, but below that it's just a giant switchboard for the area and, worse, has become a concentration camp for the poor and a dormitory for lower-middle-income workers who reverse-commute to jobs in suburbs where they can't afford to live because of restrictive and discriminatory zoning. Employment studies still in preparation are going to shock the big town—they will show that every county around New York has more lower- and middle-income jobs than residents, and that the difference is made up by a relatively unskilled working force of 500,000 men and women living in Brooklyn and the Bronx.

The old cities have lost. Arthur Natfalin, the former Mayor of Minneapolis, argues that the time has come to admit that the "future belongs to the suburbs" and for the cities "to throw themselves upon the mercy of their adversaries, the suburbs, the legislatures, and Washington [and to] claim the entitlement of any vanquished foe, which in their case is to be rescued and rehabilitated by their adversaries." Surrender—maybe they'll have a Marshall Plan for us; but this is no time to declare war.

Sure, the way the cities lost *was* unfair. Washington was unfair. Malapportionment was unfair. The property tax was and is unfair—it was designed in the seventeenth century to provide fire protection and garbage collection for property owners; now the cities are expected to use it to pay the social overhead of a nation's health, education, and welfare. It was unfair to underwrite ten million FHA homes out there and let the five-story apartments in a hundred cities decay into an incredible housing crisis that will end up costing the country more than the Vietnam War. It was unfair to build highways and leave hapless city people with fifty-year-old subways and no buses. It's no wonder the city-statehood game is played every ten years: Philadelphia in 1938, Chicago ten years later, and New York in 1959, when the City Council voted, 23 to 1, to study statehood.

"They are robbing us," called the council majority leader as that vote began. He was right, of course—the city then provided 63 per cent of the state's tax revenues and received only 38 per cent of the state aid to localities; the city then had a majority of the state's population but was given only 42 per cent of the seats in the legislature; each student in a city school received $167 in state aid while children in the rest of the state each got $273.

But the past is just tragic prologue. The pioneers of the fifty-first state pretend that nothing has changed. It has. The cities are in worse shape, and the states have responded, however reluctantly. State aid to cities has more than doubled everywhere since 1959, and in New York it has quadrupled. The last independent study of the fiscal relationship between city and state was for the year 1967, when the Citizens Budget Commission calculated that the city, with 47 per cent of the state's population, received 45 per cent of aid to localities and about 33 per cent of other monies spent by state government—fewer city students, for example, attend the state university.

The petitions circulating in New York would be the first step toward statehood — 45,000 signatures of enrolled voters are enough to schedule a citywide referendum calling for a convention to write a constitution for the new state—and the procedures would be the same in any city. The new constitution would then have to be approved by a majority vote of the state legislature and by Congress.

There you are, the city reborn. Norman Mailer, when he was talking fifty-first state two years ago, argued that the convention would mark the spiritual rebirth of New York. That may have been answered 200 years ago by Robert Crowley, writing of sixteenth-century city-states and using the word "meed" to mean "profit."

And this is a city
  In name, but in deed
It is a pack of people
  That seek after meed.
For officers and all
  Do seek their own gain,
But for the wealth of the Commons
  Not one taketh pain.
And hell without order
  I may it well call
Where every man is for himself
  And no man for all.

American cities, too, have become packs of people, people walking with their heads down, taking no pains for the Commons, reacting to dirty density in the same way as white mice. It would be nice to think that making uncivil behavior a felony—Arrest a cabdriver today!—would help. Or that statehood would help. But it will take more than paper laws to return civility to a Times Square subway station at rush hour. Yet, there is that veneer of civilization at the same hour at Charing Cross Station in London.

Perhaps London is something of a model of a decent and perhaps attainable future for American cities; it is a kind of modern city-state that almost works. It starts with advantages over our cities: It has only a miniature race problem, and it has a well-developed sense of Commons, a community, an order that is probably related to both the British character and the common experience of surviving the worst, the Blitz. But even taking those things into account, there are lessons across the Atlantic that we could study:

- London has allowed its population to decline, from 8.3 million in 1938 to 7.7 million today, while most American cities, particularly New York, which is twice as dense as London or any other American city, still see population growth as a banner of civic pride and economic viability. National planning and leadership are des-

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perately needed in the United States —probably through federal moves against unreasonable suburban zoning and economic encouragement of new satellite city developments—to weed out of American cities all the people who really don't want to live in them anyway.

• It has effectively decentralized its government into thirty-two boroughs —the number is significant because New York's five boroughs are too few and too powerless; Chicago's fifty wards would be a better decentralization grid. There are some signs that American metropolitan areas are beginning to understand two-level government with decentralized units, boroughs or towns, for instance, collecting garbage, and an umbrella regional unit handling garbage disposal—the Metropolitan Council of the Minneapolis-St. Paul Area, with authority over highways and sewerage, is one example.

• Since the Thirties London has planned a greenbelt of farms and parks around its perimeter to control growth and make the place seem more livable. Obviously, it's too late for a greenbelt around Boston or New York, but it's not too late for Houston and the new cities, unless they want to become the New Yorks and Chicagos of tomorrow.

• The citizens of London do not pay directly for welfare, health, and other essentially national services that are financed by national taxes. In the United States, local government must pay many bills for the whole country—the people of New York pay almost $1.5-billion in city and state taxes for welfare, partly because the farms of South Carolina have replaced workers with machinery and because Americans educated in Puerto Rico never learned enough English to hold a decent job.

• Finally, and perhaps most importantly, London is a part of England, as Stockholm is a part of Sweden, in a way that no American city has really ever been part of our federal republic. Not only does London have one-sixth of Britain's population, but it has always had a direct relationship with the British government, while the word "city" never appears in the United States Constitution, and no federal funds ever went directly to a city until the Works Progress Administration and the first minuscule public housing acts of the late 1930s.

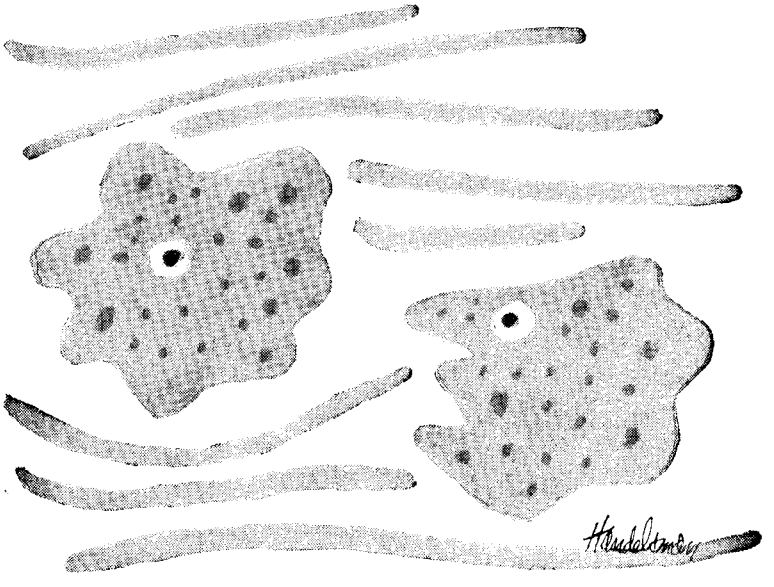
Interestingly, all the older, more troubled cities of the United States add up to London. The united cities of America would make up about one-sixth of the country. The cities could be organized this year — without super-rhetoric, without statehood referendums, without the Constitutional amendment needed for such proposals as Mayor Lindsay's to charter "national cities" independent of states—they could be organized into a national lobby to match agriculture or defense. The core of a united cities league already exists in the Legislative Action Committee of the U.S. Conference of Mayors, a committee of seventeen big-city mayors who have become comrades-in-arms, traveling the country together pleading for more federal money.

Obviously, ambitious Democrats, Republicans, and independents in such a group are not going to agree on everything, but the mayors already agree on a lot—federal revenue sharing for one thing, because every city needs money and the only way to get it is to link urban problems to national prosperity, to get their hands into the federal income tax. The mayors could start by organizing themselves and by publicly rating city Congressmen in much the same way that Americans for Democratic Action does. They could get some real control over a bloc of maybe 100 Congressmen by playing with the threat of using poor scores with the folks back home at election time.

With some kind of formal City Hall-Capitol Hill alliance, the united cities could begin raising hell and trading votes for things they can reasonably hope to get: federal takeover of welfare costs and national welfare standards to get rid of the incentive to move from South Carolina to New York for more liberal relief checks, and federally financed research on how to make a city work. The country studies the guts out of boll weevils and missile guidance systems, but we still collect garbage the way the Romans did, except that trucks are noisier than carts, and we still try to protect citizens from one another by giving some men blue uniforms and telling them to go around and catch bad guys in the act.

In the longer range, the cities together could push for federal establishment of national urban goals. What does America want from its cities now that their economic functions have dissipated along superhighways and telephone lines? The nation may be willing to accept New York and Boston as creative centers where the people who write books and sing songs could still come together in the Athenian sense, but the same nation may also see Newark the way it describes itself, in an application for federal funds, as "a basic training camp for the poor." But with a national urban policy, the cities would at last be an official part of America, and the nation would have to afford them as luxuries, like national parks. The alternative, it seems to me, is to let the cities drift along collecting the poor until they become unofficially nationalized, like Indian reservations or concentration camps.

The national goals may turn out to be very limited, but the future of the cities is limited. The United States does not need nineteenth-century ports of entry, it has jetports; it does not need centralized industrial and commercial centers, it has the suburbs and their shopping centers. The future may not go down well with the die-hards who want independent city-states now, but by then those people will probably have escalated their rhetorical dreams to statehood for Greenwich Village or an independent New York City seeking admission into the United Nations.



"Do you think I'm too anthropomorphic?"

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A CURRICULUM FOR PEACE

If the methods of war can be taught, why not strategies for preventing it?

by HAROLD TAYLOR

HELSINKI.

Considered as a system for teaching the debasement of human values, war is the most powerful of all educational institutions. Its curriculum lies in the art and science of deceiving, killing, and destroying. Its most successful students learn to ruin whatever they touch. Its highest honors go to those who have produced the most dead most advantageously.

Although its most effective educational work is done in the course of massacres, bombings, and similar demonstrations, war also has its own colleges and military academies across the world where the theory and practice of rational and strategic killing can be studied and taught. During 1970 in the United States alone, nearly 16,000 foreign officers and enlisted men from forty-four countries were trained for war, some from countries that intended to fight one another, some from countries that use their armies for repressing social change and frustrating democracy. It is as if the Borgia family ran a school for poisoning with an open admissions policy.

But if there is an international war system with its war colleges—some of which graduate peace-keeping forces and antiwar colonels and generals—where is the peace system and its colleges? Where do politicians, scholars, diplomats, and citizens go to learn how to prevent wars and stop them once they have started? Where do you find the contingency plans for peaceful settlement of international disputes and stand-by arrangements for aid to refugees? Where are the scenarios for a peace in Vietnam being written while the Pentagon creates the choreography of war?

The ready answer is that there have not been any peace scenarios, because the idea of using war to advance American interests in Asia had already seized the imagination of the Pentagon, the State Department, and the White House. Peace was to be won through war.

Now is exactly the time to stop short and announce again to the world that wars can and must be stopped, and that there is a strategy of peace-making and peace-building that can be taught and learned. It is also time once more to tell the skeptics who call peace strategies utopian and unworkable that war is unworkable and that all it does is kill people.

If the peacemakers have not beaten the war-makers at the war game, this does not mean that they never will. How long has the world been consciously trying? How many universities, for example, scientific institutes, and government agencies in any country have agreed to develop social strategies and principles for peacemaking, to proclaim, teach, and apply them on a national and international scale?

From the end of World War II to 1969 there were ninety-seven wars with an estimated twenty to thirty million deaths and uncountable millions of refugees. Nearly all of the wars have been actions to overthrow regimes, colonial or otherwise, with overt and covert intervention by outside powers who have supplied most of the weapons. In some cases—Nigeria, for example, and now Pakistan—no power on earth has seemed capable of stopping the killing until it has run its course. In only 18 per cent of these cases has it been possible for the United Nations or any other international agency to settle or prevent the war by mediation, negotiation, or nonviolent solutions.

But that does not mean that we have to leave it that way. As of now, how many of the world's diplomats, politicians, scholars, educators, and citizens have joined together in a passionate effort to plan peace strategies and to make them work? The world's scholars and educators, whose primary business, surely, is to advance the cause of the human race, have been too busy with too many other things. Or they have joined the diplomats and crisis-managers in advancing various national interests, asking no questions, taking no action, while wars and threats of wars continue to increase.

At this stage in an era of social disasters, the scholars and educators, above all others, have the fullest chance to change their course of action. Some of them already have, more will. There are the pioneers among the Pugwash scientists, the peace research institutes; the planning staffs for U.N. emergency forces, world refugee workers, world congresses of scholars and scientists on everything from in-

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HAROLD TAYLOR has been traveling since last May in Australia, Indonesia, South Vietnam, the Soviet Union, and Finland on a lecture and peace research tour.

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ternational law to the training of teachers in a global point of view.

Here in Helsinki, immediately before the resumption of the SALT talks, something else was added—an international board of directors consisting of three Nobel Peace Prize winners and representing the East, the West, and the Third World in the first International Peace Academy. This is an institution designed not only to study and act on the issues of peace and war but to train professionals in the field of non-violent settlement of international disputes and internal wars.

The academy held its first program in Vienna in the summer of 1970, its second in Helsinki this past July. In seminars and training sessions on the international control of violence, the mediation of international and national conflicts, and the problems of peace-keeping and non-violent social change, 140 participants from fifty countries last year—seventy-five from thirty-four countries this year—settled down to work on the question of what to do about the problem of preventing war.

A range of expert practitioners took part, from General Indar Jit Rikhye, former military adviser to U Thant and the United Nations and chairman of the academy, to Danilo Dolci, the Italian scholar and activist in the field of non-violent social change, Silviu Brucan, former Rumanian Ambassador to the United Nations, and Johan Galtung of the Peace Research Institute in Oslo. They and others joined forces in Helsinki, under the direction of Arthur Lall, with diplomats from the foreign services, journalists, officers assigned to U.N. peace-keeping forces, members of international organizations, and students and scholars in the peace research field.

When the issues of the Middle East, southern Africa, Indochina, the SALT talks, colonial wars, wars of liberation, or Cyprus were studied, they were dealt with by representatives of the contending parties and by others with direct experience in U.N. peace-keeping and peacemaking missions, peace negotiations, or political and social research on the issues themselves.

In the entire operation and management of world society, with its hundreds of military programs for wars now under way and others being planned for, an International Peace Academy is a small institution in the total scale of things. But so were the first laboratories for the study and treatment of cancer. There is now at least one place in the world with direct and indirect connections to the world's decision-makers where the study and practice of peacemaking has been raised to the level of a moral and professional enterprise.

Inside the Gyroscope

(for Debra)

by Laurence Lieberman

Daughter, this is our laughing-box:
a gyroscope orbiting us
two ways at once—
top to bottom, left to right. I try to relax
and enjoy the scares, to roll
with the machine's laughing gears—the computerized gentle
terrors, but shock kills my cackles:

I freeze like a funnybone
when the bumped elbow's burning nerve tickles
the length of your arm, and the skin—
pricked with a thousand
pins—tingles. As we sail
through the wider arc of the tilting Great Wheel,
our eggshell cage, an ellipsoid

spinning on its axis, hurtles me
upon you; my weight—
stone in a sling—pinning you sideways against our satellite's
grillewire, your legs tangled under,
frail wings flapping: "Daddy,
you take the steering bar,
give us a rough ride, make us twist

and twist." Now we halt,
trapped in the middle of a reverse somersault,
careening, heels over heads,
rocking on the base of our skulls. We are staring straight
up, fifty feet to the ground,
into three ovoids—family faces—high overhead
and directly below us:

mother and sister O-mouth gapes, the wailing face
of your brother, whose helium
balloon has fallen
up, up, up (I nearly capture the string,
its lifeline, poking
two fingers through the wiremesh
grate) and drops skyward

under our legs, shrinking
to an agate, a green pea, a pinhead
trailing a hair; it sails into a cloud, vanishing. . . .
I waken from a whacky dream. Stepping from bed
in the dark, I slip on the soft
bumps of my daughter's hips and head.
Must I walk on walls to spare her pain? When I lift

her to carry her back
to bed, the chill of the floor
passes from belly to belly. She is winning her war
with sleep—a rage to stay awake!
A little past midnight, she embarks on nocturnal tours:
I hear a soft pitter-patter like a mouse
under floorboards. She cartwheels

from room to room—practices
handsprings, headstands for Saturday tumbling class.
Like a wind-up toy, its spring coiled to the snapping point,
she never unwinds.
She rummages about the great toy-bin
of our house, moony-eyed, alchemizing our leaden nights
into goldened lonely second

days. She never lies down.
Sleep must overtake her in mid-play, standing up.
I find her in odd corners at sunup:
on the second shelf of the linen closet, half-awake,
buried in washcloths, towels; under the sofa,
the face of the lion rug curled over her ear, its sunflower
yellow whiskers licking her cheek.

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How Not to End a War

The United States became involved in the Vietnam War because of a fallacy. The fallacy was our belief that the government of Ho Chi Minh in North Vietnam was in danger of becoming an instrument of Chinese Communist policy, if, indeed, it was not such an instrument already. Out of this fallacy was born the U.S. decision to eradicate or contain Chinese influence in Vietnam in particular and Indochina in general.

The same fallacy that brought the United States into the war is now apparent in the American effort to end it. It is evident from talk in Washington that one of the purposes of President Nixon's projected trip to Peking is to get the Chinese leaders to pressure Hanoi into breaking the deadlock at the Paris negotiations. If such in fact is the administration's hope, the attempt is likely to be no more successful than the effort to win the war by bombing North Vietnam into submission.

What Washington has yet to learn is that Hanoi not only does not seek instructions from Peking but actually resists and resents any pressure from that direction. Historically, the people of Vietnam—and, more generally, the people of Indochina—have been apprehensive about cultural, political, and territorial expansion by China. It is significant that Hanoi has depended far more upon the U.S.S.R. than upon China for military assistance.

A member of the Japanese Diet, Mr. Kanichi Nishimura, recently met with Xuan Thuy, chief of the North Vietnam delegation at the Paris negotiations. Mr. Nishimura has reported his impression that North Vietnam is deeply apprehensive about any Chinese-American conversations that bear on the future of North or South Vietnam. The United States would be making a serious mistake, Mr. Nishimura said, if it believed that Hanoi would be responsive to pressure or even advice from the Chinese leaders. The ideological coloration of the government in Hanoi has not erased all other distinctions or differences with larger Communist nations, any more than a common ideology has prevented Yugoslavia or Albania or Rumania from having serious differences with the Soviet Union.

Mr. Nishimura's observations take on added force in view of his previous experience in Hanoi. Early in 1966, Mr. Nishimura had extensive private conversations with Ho Chi Minh. The thrust of those conversations was directly opposite to the view expressed by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who had declared there was no indication Hanoi wanted to negotiate with the United States to end the war. Mr. Nishimura was told by Ho Chi Minh that North Vietnam was prepared to start talks with the United States and that its central policy was to bring about effective restoration of the Geneva Agreements of 1954, which called for the right of self-determination of the peoples of Indochina and for the end of all foreign intervention.

Despite Mr. Nishimura's report, which had been conveyed to the U.S. government, the White House repeated there had never been the slightest hint or indication from Hanoi of a willingness to come to a peace table. The recently published Pentagon papers provide the key to this contradiction by revealing that, whatever its publicly stated position, the United States had no genuine interest in negotiations.

The present position of Washington on prisoners of war is bound to suffer because of the disclosures made in the Pentagon papers. It is inevitable that people will wonder whether our announced position is an accurate reflection of the government's policy. In any event, it is difficult to believe that the prisoners-of-war question is as complicated and difficult as the government has made it appear to be. The United States has said it will not announce a date for the withdrawal of its armed forces from Vietnam unless it has assurances from Hanoi concerning release of all American prisoners. North Vietnam has declared it will not release American prisoners until the Americans withdraw their forces.

The argument is an insult to the intelligence. It smacks of the debate over the shape of the table that delayed for many weeks the beginning of the Paris negotiations. Are we seriously to believe that the stated positions of both countries represent matters of towering principle? Is the key to a reasonable resolution really that elusive? If the United States is genuinely serious about tying a withdrawal date to assurances on the release of prisoners, then we should propose a phased withdrawal of armed forces concurrent with a phased and proportionate release of prisoners.

In the absence of such a proposal, one naturally wonders whether the present policy has any more substance to it than the various pronouncements several years ago about a non-military settlement, or pronouncements about the principle of self-determination—pronouncements that, in the light of the Pentagon papers, were designed for public consumption only.

Not long ago, following a lecture at Washington University in St. Louis, a student referred to a news item that said I had undertaken a mission in 1966 on behalf of President Johnson to convey assurances of his sincerity in seeking peace talks with Hanoi. The student asked whether I felt I had been party to a deceit, in view of subsequent disclosures showing that Washington had no serious intention of pursuing talks at the time. I replied that my main feeling was less resentment than deepest sadness that our own government should have attached so little value to its good faith and good name. Ultimately, whether in Vietnam or anywhere else, the security of the United States depends less on sheer force than on its standing in the human community. Any government officer who does not understand this basic truth puts the American people at a severe disadvantage. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Report from the Readers

THANK YOU for N. C.'s "Report to the Readers" [*SR*, July 31]. How grateful we are that *Saturday Review* is still in "good hands"! One does not follow the growth and changes of a beloved journal for more than thirty years and with increasing interest, respect, and edification without feeling herself a "part of the enterprise," so to speak—and N. C.'s explanation of the efforts to keep our *Saturday Review* intact and in the hands of such people as now do own it gives me great pleasure.

LOUISE ROUNDS,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

WE ARE long-time subscribers to *Saturday Review* and have a great esteem for your work as spokesman for peace and for reason. How many times I have marked one of your editorials or left the page in plain sight for my busy husband to read. Over the years, *SR* has changed and grown.

Since our move to South America, where mail comes up the drive on a wildly tooting "brirnfiet" (motorcycle), we value all the more this link with home—the thought, attitudes, happenings, and the book reviews of books not easily obtained here. I read every word and devour even the ads.

We wish more power, more "gizzard," and every good thing for *SR*, which is indeed a "living thing."

KATHERINE A. PAULSEN,
Paramaribo, Surinam.

IT'S SILLY. Here I am, a country bumpkin, sitting in a tiny town in the heart of America, wanting to express my happiness about *Saturday Review*. The experiences in "Report to the Readers" touched me, and I had to write and tell you how glad I am. I had read with trepidation the reports of possible changes, and just feel good.

JIM MILLER,
Homer, Mich.

IF I HAVEN'T written a long letter to *SR* before, I have thought many. Today I am moved to express my appreciation for the knowledge, amusement, stimulus, and empathy that your magazine brings into my life.

Particular thanks for your latest "Report to the Readers." No Pentagon papers at *SR*! May the new owners never forget what *SR* is all about or that there is a reading, thinking, feeling American that needs what all *SR* editors from Ace to Zena are giving.

VIVIAN H. NEALE,
New York, N. Y.

REST ASSURED that all the friends of *SR* feel the same way N. C. and his staff do. "Report to the Readers" reads like an old-time Western. "The Good Guys and the Bad Guys." We all know who won. But more important to me is the finding out that in this day and age there are still honorable men. If the publishing world gives awards, Mr. Veronis and Mr. Charney deserve the Victoria Cross. To N. C., my sincerest congratulations.

CARL ESTRIN,
New York, N. Y.

YOU WILL perhaps understand my feelings when I say that for a number of years *Saturday Review* has been my main source of intellectual, if not spiritual, support and challenge. Even an acquaintance of mine at the opposite pole from me in social and political opinion (he said in '64 that Goldwater was too far left for him) gave me a year's subscription because he could see what it meant to me.

Consequently, my heartfelt gratitude to Messrs. Charney and Veronis for making it possible for *SR* to continue to be a vehicle for the ideas of your remarkable staff.

ALBERT O. KEAN,
Westlake, O.

NEARLY 200 years ago, Noah Webster said, "The expectation of failure is connected with the very name of a magazine."

Magazines, even great ones, do fail. But some endure. So I'm glad that *SR*—America's best "quality" magazine—stood on principle.

Rev. QUENTIN PAYNE,
Lufkin, Tex.

"REPORT TO THE READERS" was one of the most extraordinary articles that I have ever read. The detailing of events was so vivid that I felt almost as involved as I would have been had I been a member of *SR*'s editorial staff. I am sure all of *SR*'s readers will be especially grateful for the respect in which N.C. holds them, as reflected by his candid detail.

Two simple sentences of the report are etched in my consciousness: "A magazine is a few people and a body of ideas. That is all." For just that reason, I hope as eagerly as possible that your new association will remain as sensitive and fruitful as the higher expectations that made it possible for N. C. to write the last paragraph of his report.

LEO CHERNE,
New York, N. Y.

PLEASE tell the new owners to recognize that most of us subscribe to and read and quote *SR* because it is thoughtful about the vital things discussed—whether or not we agree with the ideas put forward—and we do not want this changed.

I know better how to think after reading N. C., better how to chuckle after reading Goodman Ace, better what to read after digesting the book reviews, better which movies to avoid after glancing through the criticisms. Shall I go on? I even read the classifieds for entertainment!

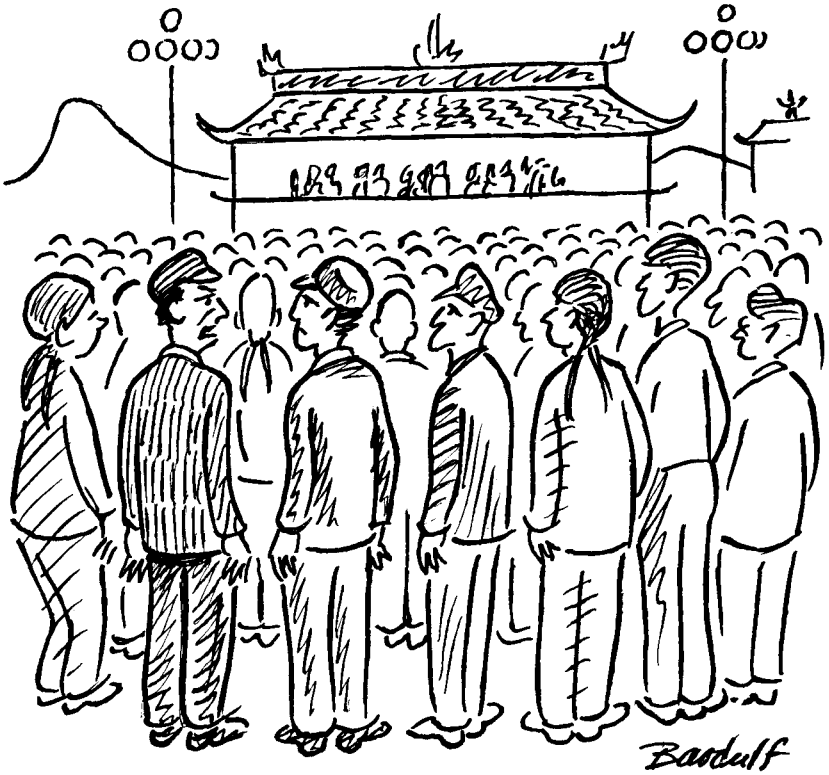
Multiply me by thousands, and you understand my concern for the fleeting thought that new owners might mean change. *Please* do not tamper with our *Saturday Review*!

MRS. SAMUEL V. WELLER,
Jacksonville, Ill.

IT WAS with relief that I finished reading the "Report to the Readers." Since first hearing of the change in ownership, I had been troubled lest this should also mean drastic changes in *SR*.

One reason that I renew my subscription not for one year at a time but for four is

(Continued on page 66)



"If he wants to make everything so perfectly clear, why doesn't he speak in Chinese?"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

How the West Was Lost

IT IS PROBABLY symptomatic of our cynical times that, one by one, our country's favorite legends and myths are being re-examined and put down. If anyone were to write a book or shoot a film about George Washington or Abraham Lincoln today, they would no doubt emerge as unprincipled degenerates whose chronic alcoholism, lechery, and plundering of the public till were concealed from the populace by a corps of highly paid flacks.

The interesting thing is that these debunking binges seem to occur at special times, when the public at large feels economically threatened and ideologically uncertain, when the truths we hold self-evident no longer exercise their old assurance, when the present seems troubled and the future looks dim. The West, for example, has been depicted on the screen almost as long as we have had movies. Much of our knowledge of and most of our feelings about frontier lore derive from what these films have told us, from William S. Hart and Tom Mix right up to Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster. We learned that the West bred heroes —strong, silent, self-disciplined, self-reliant men who drew their guns with reluctance, but fired with deadly accuracy. We learned of the Code of the West, with its fierce loyalties to saddle buddies, its enshrinement of women, its sense of honor, its quick justice.

Until recently, these qualities seemed as formal and immutable as a British court of law. No longer. There must have been at least half a dozen filmings of the Wyatt Earp-Doc Holliday legend (with *My Darling Clementine* and *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* the most notable), and in all of them the two men appear as the sort of larger-than-life characters who can inspire myths. Even in *Hour of the Gun,* a 1967 version of the story that opened with a title assuring us that "This is the way it happened," Earp remained heroic until after the famed shoot-out, then turned his fight against the Clantons into a personal vendetta that finally alienated Doc. In the end, however, Earp unslung his gun belt and vowed never to shoot again.

Doc, produced and directed by Frank Perry from a script by Pete Hamill, changes all that. Now Earp, ambitious to become the marshal of Tombstone and cut himself in on its more profitable vices, enlists the aid of his friend Doc and calculatingly provokes the Clantons into the showdown at the corral. And Doc, who in the earlier film broke with Earp over his cold-blooded killing of the Clantons, here ends the fight by deliberately shooting down a boy who has run out of ammunition. (Earlier, he had himself shown the boy how to handle a gun.) Kate Elder, another part of the legend, emerges as a grimy-faced, foul-mouthed whore who takes a sudden liking to Doc after he has killed off one of her customers. Descendants of any of these characters probably have the basis for a defamation of character suit.

Or perhaps they would have such grounds if the picture were a bit more persuasive. Prosperous Tombstone, noted for its luxury saloons and gambling halls, has been reduced to a row or two of sleazy shacks and storefronts. Filmed in Spain, *Doc*'s flat, alkaline backgrounds are a far cry from the visual splendors that John Ford and John Sturges have introduced us to. But most of all, Frank Perry has failed to make his people convincing. Harris Yulin's Earp swaggers and struts like the villain in an ancient melodrama. One expects that momentarily he will curl the end of his moustache. Faye Dunaway, as Kate, always looks as if she can't wait to get the gray greasepaint off her face and hands. And Stacy Keach, handling the title role, stares broodingly at the camera between drinks, then whispers lines that are often inaudible. He coughs well, however. "For the Past 90 Years These Three People Have Been Heroes," trumpets the film's ad campaign. It will take a better picture than this to kill them. But it is significant that the attempt should be made at this time.

Something closer to the spirit of a legend is to be found in a hauntingly beautiful, thematically tantalizing Czech film titled (inadequately) *Adrift.* Directed by Jan Kadar, who made the memorable *The Shop on Main Street,* it delves into the conscience of a good, decent fisherman (Rade Markovic) who saves a comely girl from drowning, then finds himself torn between her and his wife. When the girl (Paula Pritchett) later does drown, he engages in a series of ghostly conversations by the riverbank with three men who can only be projections of his own guilt feelings. Kadar's artful mingling of past, present, and future is intriguing, and his small cast performs to perfection.

"I figure we should be OK if we can survive until the New Hampshire primaries."

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Grand Master of the Absurd Amid the Pachyderms

by A. ALVAREZ

CONVERSATIONS WITH EUGENE IONESCO

by Claude Bonnefoy
translated from the French by Jan Dawson

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 187 pp., $4.95

PRESENT PAST PAST PRESENT: A Personal Memoir

by Eugène Ionesco
translated from the French by Helen R. Lane

Grove/Random House, 192 pp., $6

Eugène Ionesco was in his late thirties when *The Bald Soprano* (in England called *The Bald Prima Donna*) was first produced in 1950. By that age it is too late for apprentice work, and Ionesco's style was proportionately assured, weird, utterly his own. Yet he had written only one previous play, when he was thirteen, and had since had no truck with the theater. Indeed, like most intellectuals, he looked down on it. "I started writing for the theater," he once remarked, "because I hated it." Granted, it is a French principle never to pass up a good paradox, but here it is easy to see what he means. Genuinely "anti-theater," *The Bald Soprano* took the successful light comedy and stood it on its head. The setting is the conventional middle-class drawing-room and the dialogue the conventional clichés (Ionesco culled them from a language primer). The result was both put-on and discovery. The platitudes, remorselessly swapped by two model British families, were subtly doctored into madness. What began as a joke finished as the poetry of banality, absurdity in the most literal sense of the then fashionable term. When Camus talked of the Absurd he meant life lived for itself in a universe that no longer made sense because there was no God to resolve the contradictions—which is what Kierkegaard had called despair. But for Ionesco, grand master of the Theater of the Absurd, absurdity was what it usually is: raging, hilarious farce.

Not that he hasn't had a whole army of metaphysical arguments to justify his every work. He has always been his own fervent defender, trotting out his theories in endless interviews, articles, and polemics against the critics. Like the girl in the song, in twenty-seven languages he couldn't say "no" to the seductions of controversy. Invariably his rationalizations are far less illuminating than the works themselves. The reason is simple: whatever his ambitions, Ionesco is not a dramatist of ideas but of images. Even *The Bald Soprano*, which is about language and the impossibility of communication, leaves you not with an argument but with a kind of single, vivid illumination—a roomful of stuffy suburbanites exchanging clichés until they go sedately berserk. The same is true in the other early plays. In *The Lesson* the rape of the mind becomes a literal rape as the timid professor is transformed into a sex murderer; the chairs, in the play by that name, invade the stage until it overflows with a vast imaginary audience; the bride in *Jack* has three noses to intensify her beauty; the corpse in *Amédée* grows until its fills the entire apartment; *The Killer* begins with the Radiant City and ends with oozing, muddy horror; in *Rhinoceros* the lumbering monsters take over the world.

The model for them all is the brilliant one-acter *The New Tenant*. A

A. ALVAREZ, a theatrical and literary critic, is the author of *Beyond All This Fiddle*. His next published work will be a study of suicide among writers, entitled *The Savage God*.

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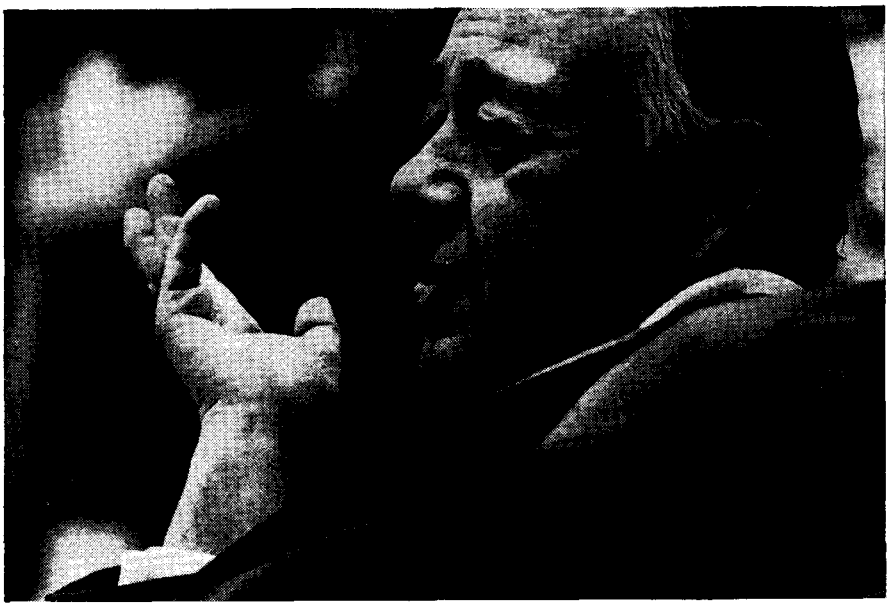
quiet little man moves into an empty apartment. Quietly he gets rid of an interfering caretaker; quietly he supervises the arrival of his furniture, meticulously arranging the exact position of each vase and knickknack. But the furniture keeps on coming, its size increasingly large, until finally the stage is piled to the flies with huge wardrobes, cupboards, and sideboards. Buried cosily in the center, out of sight, is the new tenant. As the moving men clamber toward the door, he calls after them, "Put out the light."

It is an image of extraordinary power and wit. But of what? Regression perhaps? The perennial desire to hide away in the comforting dark, surrounded and contained by one's own carefully chosen things? Not at all. According to Ionesco, in his fascinating conversations with the French critic Claude Bonnefoy, "'the new tenant' is left alone in an encroaching and hostile world." He is *what?* Do you mean *alienated*, M. Ionesco? Alas, that apparently is precisely what he means. It's the old story: "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale." The impact of the play has little to do with the author's intentions or explanations.

Ionesco's genius, I think, lies not in his profundity but his ability to create dramatic images that are as immediate, affecting, and irredeemably strange as dreams, and then to let them work themselves out with a dream's irrational but compulsive logic. He makes it seem perfectly natural that there should be rhinoceroses in the street or a corpse expanding in the bedroom. Everything makes sense yet is beyond reason. He remarked to Bonnefoy, "The dream is pure drama. In a dream, one is always in mid-situation. . . . I think that the dream is a lucid thought, more lucid than any one has when awake, a thought expressed in images, and that at the same time its form is always dramatic."

At his best, Ionesco has been true to his dreams. He has put his nightmares on the stage, unadulterated, and with an uncanny sense of what works in that tight space framed by the proscenium arch. The result is pure nihilism. What, after all, can survive when the placid façade of middle-class life splits open and the submerged fantasies of violence and terror come pulsing through? Art, as Ionesco described it to Bonnefoy, is like an illness:

> The creative period comes when my mental metabolism goes haywire, when I function erratically or abnormally. . . . Inside these moments all kinds of things loom up, the way they do at night. I don't know where they come from. I seize them as best I can. I stand them up facing each other. . . . It's much as though there were an earthquake in my microcosm, as though everything were collapsing, and it's a kind of nighttime, or rather a mixture of light and darkness, a world of chaos.



—*Beverly Pabst*

Ionesco—"not a dramatist of ideas but of images."

I think this explains a number of the peculiarities of Ionesco's work. Why, for example, he almost never creates characters of any real depth or substance; the people in his plays are sudden and two-dimensional, like the figures in a dream. And, as in a dream, the complexity is all in their situation. It explains, too, why—at least in his earlier plays—it is impossible to extrapolate any political message, however hard his interpreters try. The dream is beyond, or before, politics. It explains, finally, the intensity of Ionesco's work; the tone may be farcical yet the effect is single and unhesitating, like that of a lyric poem. And this in turn may explain why many of his plays end unsatisfactorily. Ionesco complained to Bonnefoy that endings are always false. "The end will stop being artificial when we ourselves are dead." I suspect another, simpler reason. His brand of lyric inspiration is a precarious gift that sometimes fails to carry him through the whole play. When this happens, he opts for the easy way out —whimsy, that terminal disease of surrealism. Thus *Amédée* concludes with the hero wrapping the monstrous corpse around his body like an inflatable life belt and floating off, giggling, into the sky—a finale fit not for heroes but for a Babar story.

This insidious whimsy is the soft underbelly of Ionesco's nightmares. But there is another softening element at work: I mean his metaphysical ambition, his desire in his more recent plays to come on as a profound thinker. Earlier, this intellectual *Doppelgänger* was buried in the cellar, like Count Dracula, the only Rumanian more famous than Ionesco. Gradually, however, he has crept into the light. Surreptitiously he has taken command, and now he stalks Ionesco's stage without a keeper. His influence, I think, is disastrous. His natural habitat is Ionesco's copious notebooks, a first selection from which was published three years ago as *Fragments from a Journal.*

This dealt at length with his dreams, with some kind of psychotherapeutic interlude and, above all, with the obsessional fear of death which became the theme of the wordy, slow-paced play *Exit the King.*

Now a new installment has appeared. As the title suggests, *Present Past Past Present* is another attempt to cope with death, this time to hold it off by re-creating the past. It is also a settling of accounts with his now dead father, an inflexible and menacing figure, who abandoned his wife and two children in Paris during World War I and returned to his native Rumania. There he became a powerful member of the Establishment, a lawyer and, at one point, chief of police. He used his political influence to get a shabby divorce and to gain custody of the children, whom he took back to Rumania in order, it seems, to treat them abominably. *Present Past* is the journal Ionesco kept in 1940-41 while in Bucharest waiting to escape from the Fascists and his father to unoccupied France. It is interspersed with long entries written in 1967. The dates have a gloomy patch of common ground: In 1940 the Iron Guard, banned in 1933 but still active as a terrorist organization, was carrying out its surrealistically savage pogroms:

> A few hundred or a few thousand Jews

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were massacred during the three or four days of civil war, castrated, hanged head down, stabbed. Among those who were hanged, there were some whose testicles had been stuffed in their mouths.

In 1967 came the Six-Day War, when the French Left distinguished itself by its equally surrealist anti-Zionism.

Anti-Semitism has always outraged Ionesco but it took a brave man to write as he did in Rumania in 1940, even if only for a private journal. Yet he did so as an essentially private act. His only real politics are those of distrust and hatred for everything totalitarian and anti-individual. Ionesco's target in 1940 was the totalitarianism of the Right; now it is of the Left. Hence his current unpopularity with the Parisian exponents of radical chic, who accuse him of being a closet fascist. Actually, he is a deeply antipolitical animal who acquired his distaste for all parties by watching his unspeakable father change his beliefs according to the ruling clique—not, says Ionesco, because he was an opportunist, but simply because he worshiped power and the state.

He describes these transformations shrewdly and at length. Ionesco also brilliantly conveys the slow contagion of Nazism, watching his friends, fascinated, as they change before his eyes into rhinoceroses. Page after page of his journal is haunted by the image of himself as the last of the human beings in a nation of pachyderms. This, remember, was written in 1940, twenty years before the play was produced. In one of his 1967 asides, Ionesco remarks that he had forgotten all about the idea. It is as though it had sunk into what Henry James called "the deep well of unconscious cerebration," to resurface years later in one of the flimsy little stories—now collected in *The Colonel's Photograph*—which were the basis for most of his plays. But only when Ionesco reworked the stories for the stage did they finally take on the weight and reverberations of serious art.

Oddly enough, in the context of the journals the image of the rhinoceroses triumphant is little more than a bright idea and not particularly important. What seems to matter to the young Ionesco are the long philosophical disquisitions on the Self and Other, History, Death, and Reality. (He apparently had a youthful vision of truth and radiance that has pursued him ever since.) Odder still, the 1967 additions show that nothing much has altered in twenty-seven years. The strain of being what he once called a "professional, card-carrying artist" has in no way dulled his appetite for metaphysics. He seems peculiarly proud of

(Continued on page 60)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Eva Le Gallienne

IN "IBSEN THE SHY GIANT" [*SR*, Aug. 14] Eva Le Gallienne says, "Women's Lib would have nauseated [Ibsen]," and she agrees with Michael Meyer that "'*A Doll's House* is no more about women's rights than Shakespeare's *Richard II* is about the divine right of kings. . . . Its theme is the need of every individual to find out the kind of person he or she really is and to strive to become that person.'" What do Ms. Le Gallienne and Mr. Meyer think the theme of the women's liberation movement is?

Although Ms. Le Gallienne apparently cherishes some false labels and is helping to keep them in circulation, she does say about some she does not cherish that "false labels are hard to remove." Members of the National Organization for Women are also aware of the remarkable durability of false labels, since sometimes even the women and men who come to us for help express amazement and relief that we are not at all the kind of people they expected us to be. No visitor has ever vomited at any NOW meeting I have attended, and I doubt that Ibsen would have either!

MARY G. DABBS,
Atlanta, Ga.

IT WAS A THRILLING EXPERIENCE to read Eva Le Gallienne's essay on Ibsen. In 1926 and 1927 I often saw Miss Le Gallienne perform in Ibsen's great plays at the Civic Repertory Theater on 14th Street in New York. On one occasion, I vividly recall, well along in the first act of *The Master Builder*, some imbecile shouted, "Fire!" There was a moment of frozen anxiety in the audience. In a matter of seconds there could have been a disastrous stampede. Miss Le Gallienne interrupted her performance of Hilda Wangel, stepped forward, held up her hand, and said simply, "There is no fire." The situation was saved. All uneasiness vanished. It was a magnificent display of leadership.

Perhaps this story deserves a footnote. Anyone who remembers the Civic Repertory Theater will agree it was no place to be in case of fire.

EDWARD H. DARE,
Stamford, Conn.

Understanding Farrell

ROBERT PHILLIPS'S REVIEW of James T. Farrell's *Invisible Swords* [*SR*, June 12] is one of the very few understanding and perceptive critiques of Farrell's writing that have appeared for a number of years.

EDGAR M. BRANCH,
Berkeley, Calif.

Desensitized

AS I'VE TENDED TO LIKE Haskel Frankel's reviews, I'm overjoyed to weigh his remarks about George Axelrod's *Where Am I Now—When I Need Me?* [*SR*, Aug. 14]. So *that's* the kind of stuff H. F. enjoys! It isn't often I'm granted the opportunity for feeling convinced I have superior taste, compared with that of an authority I've respected.

But, seriously, this tells me a lot about how really astute critics become desensitized after so much exposure to trash.

JOSEPH GANCHER,
Albany, N.Y.

It-Thou

MEYER LEVIN [*SR*, July 31] errs in assuming that Martin Buber was in a position to invite meaningful dialogue with Palestinian Arabs during the days of British rule. Dialogue occurred regularly between the occupier (Britain) and the beneficiary of the occupation (the Zionists), but the occupied (the Palestinians) were invited only to cooperate with the occupation and acquiesce to their own disfranchisement. The externally determined relationship precluded the promotion of the Palestinian from "it" to "Thou."

RAY L. CLEVELAND,
Regina, Canada

Tatters . . . trembled

IF THE REPETITION of "shreds," which I intended, for the passage from Gabriela Mistral [*SR*, July 17] does not create enough reverberation for translator Doris Dana [BOOK FORUM, Aug. 14], then why not pair "tatters" with "trembled" in the same line and achieve greater accuracy than with "flecks" and "fog"? Good translation can also be accurate—even literally so sometimes, as Miss Dana proves in her treatment of the rest of the poem.

A. F. GRONBERG,
San Diego, Calif.

Abomination

I DISAGREE WITH Maurice Samuel's *In Praise of Yiddish* [*SR*, July 17]. To anyone who speaks traditional (high) German, Yiddish is an abomination. It is a patois of the crudest kind and, while it has produced a few succinct words for which it is impossible to find substitutes in conventional languages, Yiddish by and large is about as much entitled to be dignified by the term "language" as is pigeon English or any of the other linguistic catchalls that the desperation of communication has produced.

Despite the fact that excellent literature has been written in Yiddish, this does not get away from the fact that it is a garbled, quasi-medieval German.

Hopefully it will disappear within a generation or two. It is guttural, crude, and has no grammar or elegance to speak of. But it did give us a few irreplaceable words such as *chutzpa*. Which may be Hebrew. I am no linguist. But I am Jewish and mention this lest I be accused of being anti-Semitic.

FELIX DE COLA,
Hollywood, Calif.

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HOMAGE TO THEODORE DREISER: August 27, 1871—December 28, 1945

by Robert Penn Warren

Random House, 173 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Clifton Fadiman

■ Robert Penn Warren's *Homage*, marking the centennial of Theodore Dreiser's birth, is excellent. But it would be welcome even if second-rate. In a literary scene dominated by the twin cults of Ego and Now it would inform us that thoughtful acts of piety are still possible. In an era of lengthening hairdos and shortening memories it would force us once more to remember that Dreiser's generation—and he among the foremost—unshackled our literature and edged a part of the reading public away from gentility toward maturity.

The achievement of this brief, packed, closely argued study rests on two breakthroughs. First, Mr. Warren had to break through the resistance offered by Dreiser's personality. As a young publishers' man I once had occasion to try to do business with Dreiser. I can confirm Mr. Warren's calm assessment of him. Dreiser was suspicious, devious, uncultivated, racist, a liar, rude, ill-balanced, vengeful, and a sucker for all sorts of fads and quack intellectual nostrums. How could this primitive write *Sister Carrie*, *Jennie Gerhardt*, the first two parts of the Cowperwood trilogy, and *An American Tragedy*—all flawed, yet all impossible to ignore? Mr. Warren explains how.

Secondly, it was necessary to break through the resistance put up by Dreiser's famous style, in the restricted sense of style as the issue of the choice and arrangement of separate words. By an act of creative sympathy Mr. Warren penetrates the coarse mesh of an autodidact's English to the "thematic density" that is actually there, to the opposition of rhythms and patterns that create in the better novels their almost puzzling tension. In this respect (and in others) Thomas Hardy, who abandoned fiction just before Dreiser started, resembled him. Hardy's mere *writing* is often abominable; nevertheless his finest work, whether verse or prose, continues to generate an extraordinary field of force. So many nineteenth-century masters—Hardy, Dostoevsky, Dickens, Balzac—compared to a Flaubert or a Ford Maddox Ford, wrote badly. Yet, there they stand. And, though not quite of their company, there stands Theodore Dreiser.

At the outset Mr. Warren poses the core problem that will lead to his most fruitful passages of analysis: How can we call a man an artist whose real life and whose fictions are so interwoven that the critic is hard put to place a finger on any spot and declare, "Here he created."? The answer involves a searching consideration of the unpleasant, unhappy, and un-simple man who was Dreiser. Mr. Warren sees him as "the outsider, the rejected, the yearner," somehow (but the how is explained) channeling his alienation into the very books that he hoped would help him to break into the charmed circle of "society." Dreiser came, to use Chesterton's happy term for Dickens's parents, from a family of "downstarts," gifted with a talent for disaster. His rejection of his failed father (who persisted in living after his failure) and his pitiful passion for his mother (the only woman, he tells us, he was ever capable of loving) stand as childhood fixations that would surface in complex metamorphoses in the major novels. Influenced by the fashionable social Darwinism of the period, the young Dreiser developed obsessive dreams of power. Parallel dreams of sexual conquest were nourished by his ugliness, his crudity, his fear of impotence, his compulsive masturbation.

—*Gene Markey*

Theodore Dreiser—a "nightmare self."

Had Dreiser surrendered completely to these lurid fantasies of the will, he might have written mere servant-girl romances, or possibly nothing at all. But he wandered also within another dream-structure, its foundation laid by the physicochemical, materialist science of the day—the researches, for example, of Jacques Loeb. This part of Dreiser was obsessed by a dark, chaotic vision of man as but "a chemical atom in a whirl of unknown forces." This nihilism, in conflict with the success dream, gives his work its special quality. Indeed, Mr. Warren says, "It *is* his work." Thus in both his novels and his personal career we can see him torn between a lust for the bitch-goddess Success and a sense of her futility and vacuity. In his fiction the tension emerged in many ways, notably in his "constant need . . . for both self-indulgence and self-scrutiny." Mr. Warren uses this insight to explain why Dreiser, despite all the surface realism, was not really a novelist of manners, like Edith Wharton in his day or John Marquand in ours. "He was, quite literally, a novelist of the metaphysics of society—of, specifically, the new plutocratic society of the Gilded Age. And this meant that he was, too, the anatomist of the guilt involved in the characteristic ambition of that age as well as the poet of the pathos of success."

Mr. Warren sees *Sister Carrie* and *Jennie Gerhardt* as powerful manipulations of his childhood obsessions; *The "Genius"* as a "crashing bore"—partly because of Dreiser's inability to establish any psychic distance between himself and Eugene Witla; *The Titan* and *The Financier* as projections of Dreiser's Nietzschean daydreams—documentaries dramatizing the illusions of love, art, and power; and, finally, his masterpiece, *An American Tragedy*, as the unbelievably complex objectification of his "nightmare self"—the Dreiser who spent his desperate life seeking, as did Clyde Griffiths, to find out who he was and what he wanted. Forty-six years after *An American Tragedy* we look about—or within—and discover millions of Clyde Griffiths. *An American Tragedy* was perhaps more aptly titled than even Dreiser could conceive.

That he probed deeply into the most recessed guilts and fears of Americans is, I think, fairly demonstrated in this book. That, despite the bumbling prose, the overwriting, and the callow intellectualizing, Dreiser could be subtle will come to many, as it did to this reviewer, as something of a revelation. The revelation is only one of the services Mr. Warren renders to the memory of a man who, however difficult he may be to read with pleasure in our quasi-sophisticated age, helped to change the course of American literature, and, in so doing, to cleanse it, like some monstrous half-heroic, half-barbaric Heracles diverting the Alpheus to purify the stables of Augeas.

Long known as a book critic, Clifton Fadiman, who is on the Board of Editors of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is working on a critical history of children's literature.

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EXPLORATIONS

by Gilbert Highet

Oxford, 383 pp., $8.50

Reviewed by James M. Roos

■ Perhaps you remember the time when you could sink into the comfortable folds of a favorite armchair and listen to one of Gilbert Highet's radio talks, *People, Places and Books*. Some of them are still circulating around the country, happily recorded on tape. But for those who have never heard the author in his orotund glory, these impeccably styled essays mirror the civilized tone and spirit, and often the content, of his radio talks.

There are forty essays in *Explorations*, most of them composed during the 1950s and Sixties and especially revised for this collection. Typically, whether Professor Highet is telling us "How to Torture an Author," intriguing us with "The Life of a Yogi," or simply musing about the fantasy that is Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, his enthusiasm and lively erudition prove entrancing and rare. For Dr. Highet is a superb scholar—Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia University and a renowned authority on classical literature—though he is more than that, too. He is an avid reader with broad human and esthetic interests, a lover of both the arts and people, a master of the short-form essay, as well as a clever man with words, which is no trifling accomplishment. For there are writers who have things to say that are interesting and useful for us to know, but by some unfortunate stroke of nature they cannot express them with elegance and grace. Mr. Highet is not among them. His essays, never a burden, are always fluid and informative diversions. They are lean and precisely worded, prime examples of digestible prose. I also think they are secretly and subtly designed to condition people to the habit of reading.

Perhaps not so secretly, since twenty-three of the essays are organized under such topic headings as "Forgotten Books," "Language," and "Writing." There is even an essay on how to write an essay. Having explained how to do so, Mr. Highet notes:

> I hope this does not make you feel that it is necessarily hard work to write, or even to read an essay. If I have, then either I have mistaken the technique of writing this pleasant form of literature, or I have failed to show you how delightful it is to read a good essay. Would you like to receive an interesting letter from someone who once met you and who wants to tell you something you did not know and would like to learn? If so, you can either read or write an essay, or both.

Notice how he finishes with a question and pointed thought. You can see how he planned it—especially since he includes another essay, "Final Words," wherein he discusses the technique of concluding a piece of writing.

> In the writing of every book or poem or play there are two crucial moments. One comes when the author puts down the first few words, and the other when he starts the last page. The tone of the concluding sentences is even more important than the beginning, for it will surely help determine his readers' judgment of the whole, and sometimes these words are among those which remain most clearly in their memory. Many authors seem to have devoted particular attention to their final words.

Mr. Highet does, and he is unfailingly a model of his preachments on good writing. Of course, there is more to enjoying an essay than appreciating its structure. The substance must match the forms.

For me the most engrossing essays in this collection, Professor Highet's fifth, are the ones on off-beat books: the discussion of the great "History of Liberty," which Lord Acton never got around to writing but carried in his head and in his notes; the observations on James Barrie, of *Peter Pan* fame, and his almost unknown early works "about the poverty and closeness of his people"; and the author's ruminations "On First Looking Into The Arabian Nights."

The "Personalities" essays are also revealing and colorful; I particularly like the way Mr. Highet succinctly sizes up Salvador Dali—"a fantastically skillful painter, an offensively decadent writer, and an inexhaustible self-advertiser, concealing shrewdness beneath a mask of lunatic eccentricity. The difference between Dali and a madman (as he himself says) is that Dali is not mad."

The difference between Gilbert Highet and most essayists is that he is a perfectionist. And to paraphrase his words: Would you like to read some exquisite and fascinating essays by someone who wants to tell you something you did not know and would like to learn? If so, get a copy of *Explorations*.

James M. Roos, formerly on SR's editorial staff, is a critic of books, music, and the dance.

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"DO YOU SINCERELY WANT TO BE RICH?": The Full Story of Bernard Cornfeld and IOS

by Charles Raw, Bruce Page, and Godfrey Hodgson

Viking, 400 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Sterling W. Clements

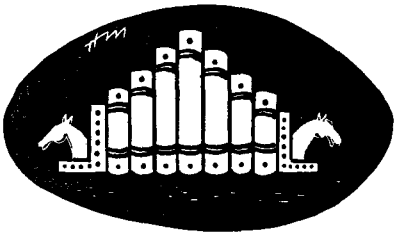
■ History is replete with entrepreneurs who have promised easy access to riches. How was it possible then for Bernard Cornfeld and his associates once again to entice millions of Americans living abroad to part with their savings and buy shares of International Investment Trust and the Fund of Funds? Perhaps the conditions were just right. The bull market of the soaring Sixties was bellowing; the open-end fund vehicle that Cornfeld used was now a "growth industry" just entering a multi-billion-dollar era; loose tax laws existed in many foreign lands; and, most importantly, the organization had a dedicated sales force of American expatriates seeking out U.S. government employees and military personnel in all parts of the world. These clients, for the most part, were unsophisticated in investment matters, but they had money to spend. The story of this global venture which fed on man's greed and ignorance is suspensefully narrated by two editors of the London *Sunday Times*, Bruce Page and Godfrey Hodgson, and Charles Raw, financial editor of the Manchester *Guardian*.

Involved in the complex foreign business empire was a diverse array of characters. Cornfeld, himself, was born in Istanbul in 1927 and arrived in New York at the age of four with his Rumanian father and Russian mother. After his graduation from Columbia University School of Social Work, he was employed by B'nai B'rith in Philadelphia, where his organizing and sales abilities were first recognized. During 1953 and '54 he sold mutual fund shares for Investors Planning Corporation, thereby sharpening a facet of his personality that was to direct the course of his future. "Bernie's ambition was always to make a very great deal of money," a college classmate recalls. Willard Beecher, the psychologist who helped cure Cornfeld of a bad stammer, describes him as "a manipulator," and John M. King, of Denver's King Resources Corporation, as "the world's greatest 'conceptual salesman.'"

Bernie soon grew dissatisfied with the opportunities available in the U.S., and in the autumn of 1955 he became the European representative for the Dreyfus Fund, then one of the best "performance" funds in the United States. Cornfeld had now found the medium with which he could realize his ambition; he would "make his new organization, Investors Overseas Services, the most important economic force in the Free World" with "Total Financial Service" as its slogan. He also discovered the principle of "leverage" in finance, which becomes the main thread of *"Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?"*

Free of the inhibitions imposed by the U.S. Securities Act of 1933, Cornfield established his scene of operations in Paris, and IOS was born. Before long Bernie realized that he needed men with particular business skills and began attracting specialists to his organization. Among them was Edward M. Cowett, an outstanding legal mind and honor graduate of Harvard Law School. Cowett guided Cornfeld's $2.5-billion enterprise through the final years of its meteoric rise, and to the collapse of the financial empire in 1970. (Meanwhile, Bernie was exploring more esoteric fields of investment with a variety of fiscal adventurers.)

Another to join the IOS team was Allen Cantor. For a short time a rare-book dealer, Cantor took over as head



of IOS sales, becoming the No. 3 man in the hierarchy. The minor players in this drama are legion, and some are well known, but one who lingers in memory is Lou Ellender, at nineteen a "boiler room" salesman in New York and later an IOS drummer. His global peregrinations are so bizarre and amusing that they alone warrant a more complete, separate recounting.

After de Gaulle took government action against Cornfeld's company for alleged illegal use of the mails, it was decided to move the headquarters to Geneva, the center for "flight capital," where flexible financial and tax arrangements were well suited to the requirements that Cornfeld considered necessary to implement the expansion of his enterprise to global proportions. Thus began IOS's decade of growth, which in September 1969, at its zenith, encompassed fifty-five major subsidiaries. "[IOS] had formed hundreds of companies around the world—there were sixty listed outside the Nassau office alone. Cornfeld and Cowett were operating nine banks, with deposits of nearly $100-million. They had started another nine open-end funds, they had a real-estate company with properties valued at $100-million, and they were proposing to finance several major corporations in America and elsewhere."

The IOS managers somehow convinced most of the hard-nosed investment community that IOS was the answer for mankind's financial well-being. Bernie and his cohorts, who were early disciples of the new economic synergistic formula, 2 + 2 = 5, used this philosophy of high-leverage capital, or "funny money," in combing the United States and Europe for merger candidates. Cornfeld's and Cowett's questionable financial activities in their multi-country operations became so entangled that they soon proved too

(Continued on page 60)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

A QUESTION OF ADAPTATION

The musicals in Column 1 were adapted from the books and plays in Column 2. Which became which? asks Marlette Condé of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Solution on page 63.

1. *Applause* ( )
2. *Ari* ( )
3. *Baker Street* ( )
4. *Camelot* ( )
5. *The King and I* ( )
6. *Lost in the Stars* ( )
7. *Pipe Dream* ( )
8. *Regina* ( )
9. *Skyscraper* ( )
10. *Two by Two* ( )
11. *The Vagabond King* ( )
12. *Whoopee* ( )
13. *Wish You Were Here* ( )
14. *Your Own Thing* ( )

a. *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
b. *All About Eve*
c. *Anna and the King of Siam*
d. *Cry, the Beloved Country*
e. *Dream Girl*
f. *Exodus*
g. *Flowering Peach*
h. *Having Wonderful Time*
i. *If I Were King*
j. *The Little Foxes*
k. *The Nervous Wreck*
l. *The Once and Future King*
m. *Sweet Thursday*
n. *Twelfth Night*

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THE LAST AND THE FIRST

by I. Compton-Burnett

Knopf, 147 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Paul West

■ Few fictional worlds are more consistent, unmistakable, and stylistically of a piece than that of the late Ivy Compton-Burnett. A country house, we might imagine her saying in lethal parody of Jane Austen, is the very thing to work upon. Set it in late Victorian times—a world that Lytton Strachey characterized in terms of gas lamps, enormous bedpans, and terrible disasters in bed—and expose the brutality of the well-to-do. Her creatures hold forth interminably and are crazily articulate. The matriarchs puff and rear; the patriarchs huff and bristle; the small go through all the levels of nursery hell; the young capitulate or stalk away; the butlers and other servants in the retinue fawn, snoop, and leer. Though we never see their faces, her characters' utterances plague us; the screen is blank, but the sound is always on. Words fill the debating chambers that their homes are; everyone talks as if raised to his highest power; and the cumulative result over twenty novels, of which this is the last, is a mordant, elegant synopsis of domestic tribal warfare, in which the people do not fare any better for being so verbal.

The force of her vision is indisputable—Ivy Compton-Burnett graduated early in People, *summa cum laude*—but its catalyst is that unchanging prose style in which the characters seem communally in the grip of some supervernacular St. Vitus's dance. Insulated from one another and the outside world, they embody a mode of writing so stylized that one's own imagination leaps into almost competitive mimicry. For example: "Self-praise is no recommendation, Mater," says one daughter in *The Last and the First*. "I think it is a great one," says another. "Who would dare to indulge in it without conspicuous cause?" Our pleasure at the lapidary completeness of that—not so much an exchange as the execution of the first speaker with a weapon she unwittingly provides—vies with a desire to cap it with one's own retort: "I think it is neither. Those who resort to it are our scapegoats; those who don't are our blackmailers." Or some similar put-down. We become tensely involved in these games of thrust and counterthrust, of equilibrium and topple, so much so that the word play takes on a life of its own regardless of plot. This is the intoxication, the infection, of I. Compton-Burnett's novels: the reader ends up as an admiring voyeur or an invasive accomplice. Either way, the experience is exciting; seldom do we take leave of a writer with such an exhilarated sense of having been mentally tuned up, challenged and dominated, made to eavesdrop upon humiliating proxies of ourselves.

The Last and the First, put together (the English edition tells us) from "twelve shabby little exercise books" found under a cushion in the author's flat, amounts to the *coup de grâce* in the IC-B mode. Scalpel-sharp, yet suffused with an almost ritual urbanity, it has little plot, but that doesn't much matter. The plot's flimsiness—an imminently tyrannical young woman overthrowing her despotic stepmother—is that of an epitomistic abstract from Miss Compton-Burnett's other books, and its sketchiness evinces the sure-minded allusiveness of someone with a finely developed sense of her own thought's edifice.

The strategies and conventions are largely like those in the previous novels: we begin with breakfast, less a meal than a parliament of rhetorical vultures, in a house in a village which, for once, is named—Egdon, in Somerset County. The really new factor is that Compton-Burnett condemns Eliza Heriot, the domineering mother ("The First"), and contrasts her didactically with Hermia ("The Last") who, coming into money left her by a suitor whom she rejected, divides it between her family and his, thereby retaining power in each.

The book can be read as the final lesson in I. Compton-Burnett's long course in intransigent charity, but is just as well taken as an instructive fanfare of histrionic expertise, making verbally a great deal out of a next-to-nothing that evokes Mallarmé's zero—as when, in the last chapter, ten different speakers are manipulated into saying something distinctive about why they need or do not need an extra sheet of paper for a word game they intend to play.

At one point a character remarks, "I wish I had not the power of thought," only to be told, "I wish you had not. You are being too prodigal with it." Ivy Compton-Burnett was always prodigal with it. To our inestimable gain, she was one of the most austerely thinking novelists in what is generally an unthinking English tradition. She emerges from this novel, and the materials that accompany it, as both worldly and unpretentious, a woman whose angular intelligence promoted high society into low comedy and that, in turn, into a high, almost mandarin, art.

Paul West's fifth novel, "Caliban's Filibuster," was published recently by Doubleday.

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THE DAY OF THE JACKAL

by Frederick Forsyth

Viking, 380 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ I promised myself long ago that I'd never write the words "this is a book you just can't put down." Another promise broken. On its way to the best-seller list, Frederick Forsyth's pulse-quickening first novel is going to leave a wake of bleary-eyed readers—and I really doubt that there will be a complainer among them. Only in its opening pages are there any *longueurs.* These occur as Forsyth painstakingly and dryly builds his plot on France's political ferment during the early 1960s when the fanatical *Organisation de l'Armée Sècrete* (OAS), having come to despise Charles de Gaulle for granting Algeria its independence, decided to depose him. But by 1963 the OAS had fallen on hard times. Six attempts to assassinate de Gaulle had failed; government agents had infiltrated the organization; morale was as low as the exchequer. Here Forsyth gets down to the business of fiction, and his thriller becomes a riveting one indeed.

For one final attempt on *le grand* Charles, OAS leaders employ a professional killer—a blond, muscular Englishman whose hired gun, it is rumored, already bears notches for the Congo's Lumumba and the Dominican Republic's Trujillo. Yet the murderer is so clever that not even Interpol has any clue to his real identity. Nor does the OAS, which gave him a contract for $500,000 and the code name Jackal.

Everyone knows, of course, that de Gaulle eventually died a natural death, but this doesn't diminish the book's suspense at all. What intrigues us is the Jackal's modus operandi—and the man himself. We watch in awe as he moves stealthily through the backstreets of London, Paris, Brussels, Milan, acquiring fake identities and disguises to match, buying a collapsible rifle that is custom-made to fit snugly into slim metal tubes.

The plot develops almost cinematically (the book's already been sold to the movies). It quickens when the French secret service, employing some brutally shocking methods, learns of the Jackal's mission. De Gaulle himself, however, treats the whole affair with typical hauteur and refuses to take any additional precautions. The job of snaring the Jackal is assigned to detective Claude Lebel, who resembles Peter Sellers's rumpled, henpecked Inspector Cluzot—only with smarts. Lebel lowers a dragnet over the Western world, and even enlists the French underworld in the chase.

But the Jackal eludes trap after well-laid trap, thanks mainly to a comely OAS spy who extracts more information with fellatio than the secret service can with its electrodes. Inexorably the Jackal closes in—and inevitably, just as a mercury-tipped bullet whistles within a hairsbreadth of de Gaulle's head, it is Lebel himself who is staring down the barrel of the sniper's rifle.

Mr. Forsyth's aim is truer. His novel is fraught with *frissons* enough for the most demanding spy novel aficionado.

Arthur Cooper is an associate editor of Newsweek magazine.

A PEEP INTO THE 20TH CENTURY

by Christopher Davis

Harper & Row, 200 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by David W. McCullough

■ The description of a bar of sunlight cutting its morning path across the condemned man's cell appears early on in this brilliantly conceived, glacially cool novel, which deals with the first use of the electric chair, in an upstate New York prison in 1890. The reader could easily never give the description a second thought until perhaps fifty pages later, when there is another, even briefer, reference to the sun. Then it comes as a powerful shock how starkly monochromatic the novel is. The title ironically refers to a flashy exhibit, sponsored by Thomas A. Edison, proclaiming the upcoming wonders of the electronic age, but this "peep" into the twentieth century is grim, indeed harrowing.

The condemned man is Rupert Weber, who in a drunken rage axed to death his common-law wife. Selected to be the first man to be executed by electricity, he becomes a pawn in a corporate battle between two heroes of the nineteenth-century free-enterprise system, Mr. Edison and Mr. Westinghouse. The battle is an obscure one. The Edison forces advocate the use of a Westinghouse dynamo ("die no mo" goes the prison joke), thinking that if Weber is killed instantaneously the general public will be less eager to buy the Westinghouse product for non-lethal purposes. The Westinghouse crowd, on the other hand, faced with charges that their dynamo is too dangerous for distribution at large, has everything to gain from a botched execution.

Weber, a true man of the twentieth century, believes in the efficacy of electricity. He is even able to convince the prison chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Snow, to stop reading the Bible to him in favor of papers and technical journals on ohms, watts, and circuits.

The corporate battle, however, is probably the least important, or the least immediate, crisis that attends the execution. Hovering about Weber are guards, other prisoners, the warden, and the warden's wife. For each this novel, untried method of killing a man presents new moral, ethical, or simply social problems. One man turns to drink, another to sadism, another to Christ; the warden's wife dies heartbroken, believing that either she or her God somehow failed to save Weber. The prison itself is on the brink of riot.

At the center of the turmoil are Weber and the very young Reverend Snow—two men who could not be more unlike fighting in their own peculiar ways for their very souls.

Finally, Weber is duly, and grotesquely, executed in front of an especially chosen audience of twenty or so witnesses, and everyone involved is revolted beyond expectation. But a few weeks later, when it is time for the second man to be executed, electrocution has already become routine, and it all goes like clockwork, without any physical or moral problem. The twentieth century, in effect, has begun.

Christopher Davis, without a wasted word or emotion, has written a novel that demands serious attention. It never entertains, but it is as sparse, as unblinking, even as cruel, as an unfaded daguerreotype.

David W. McCullough is a book club editor and free-lance critic.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1468

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1468 will be found in the next issue.

QM LMU QM WLUM MUSACD HD FMW XMWKQ USHU USAF DSMWKQ QM WLUM FMW. USARC UHDUAD IHF LMU OA USA DHIA.

—DSHX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1467

About the most originality that any writer can hope to achieve honestly is to steal with good judgment.

—Josh Billings.

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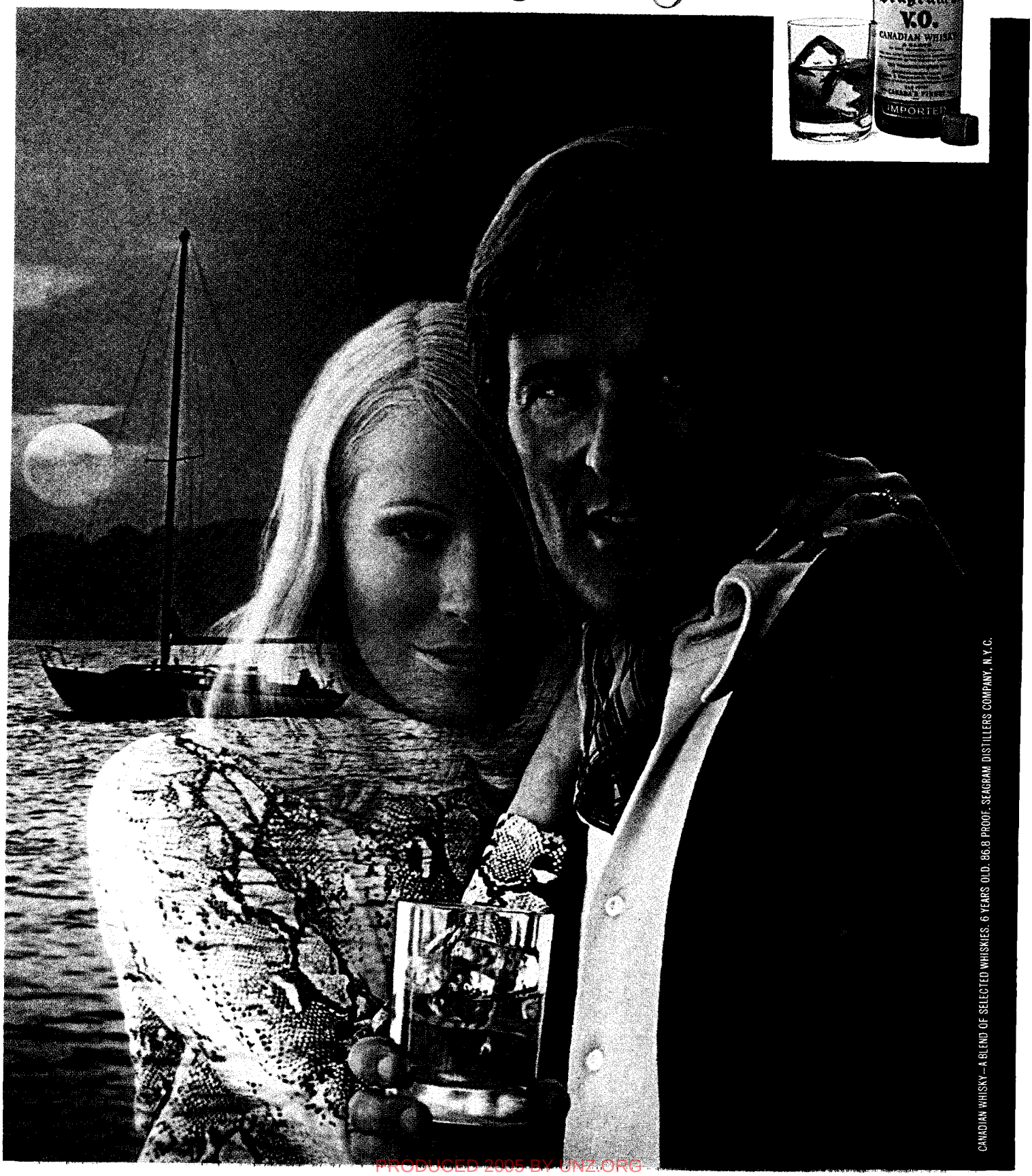

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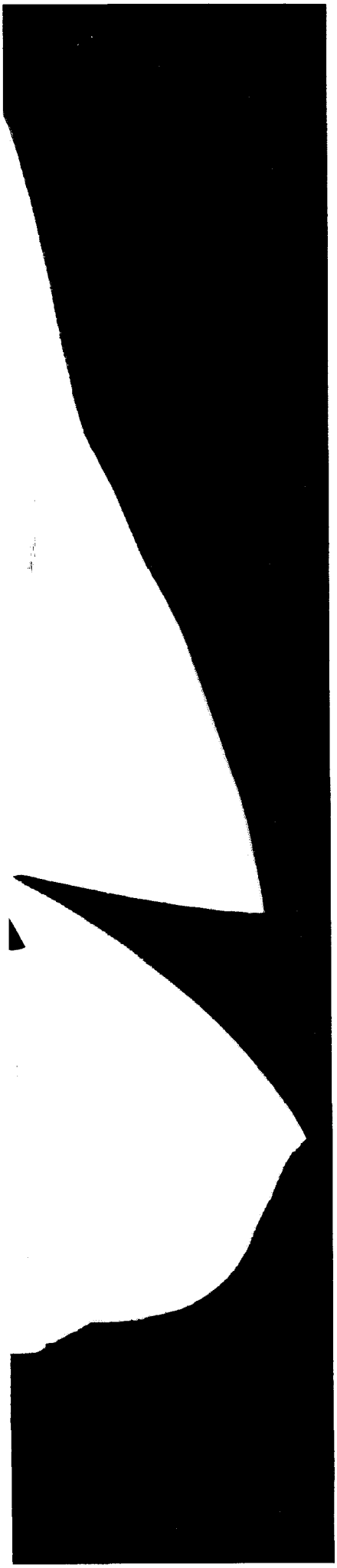

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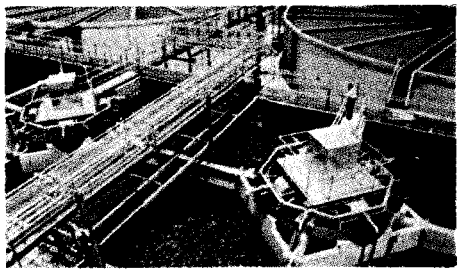

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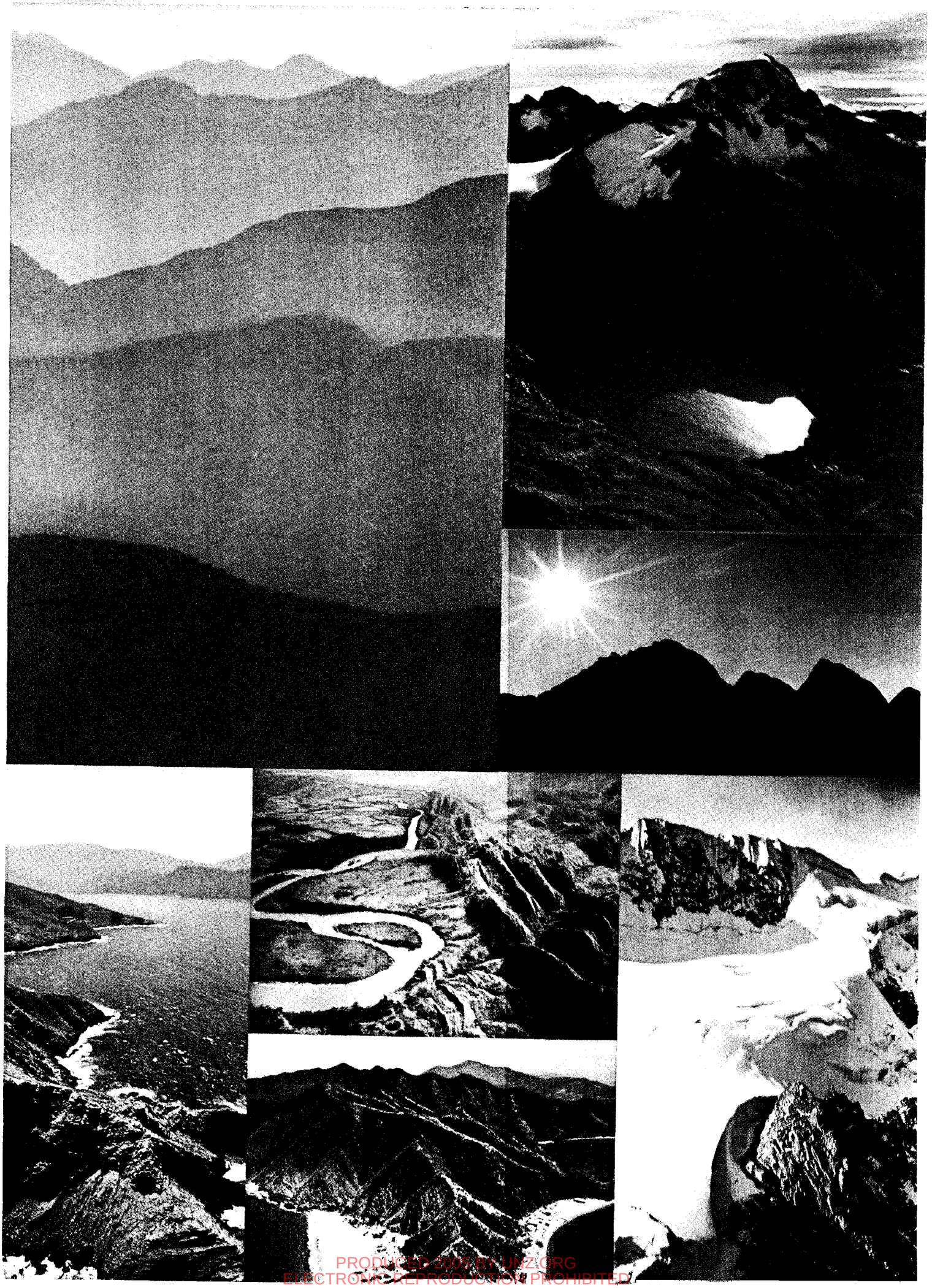

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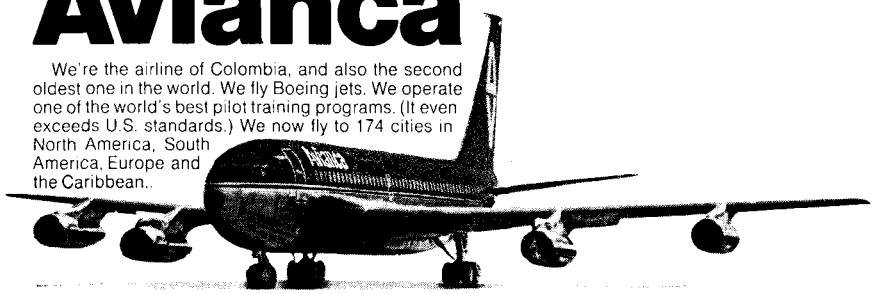

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

On the Backpack Trail—I: The Siege of Copenhagen

THE TIME has come once again for those summer legions, the American tourists, to quit Europe and pull back across the Atlantic, and the miracle in this year of lowered youth fares and accelerated travel is that the storied old capitals—London, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Paris, Rome—seem to have survived the siege with a minimum of ruin.

Every summer a different city is targeted for invasion by the backpack troops. This year, even before the airline price war brought round-trip fares down to $200 in early June, the signs pointed to Copenhagen. So unanimous and baleful were the reports reaching New York on the conditions in that free-spirited old town that by the time I arrived in late July I expected Tivoli to look like Woodstock and the Little Mermaid to be smoking a joint. Yet in those first moments, even before checking the predictable haunts of the young, I somehow knew the city still belonged to Copenhageners. These suspicions were confirmed with a visit to the nerve center of youth activities, a little storefront at Vendersgade 8 bearing the sign "Use It." Established last spring by city funds expressly to handle the incoming mobs, the Use It office has set up three makeshift sleep-ins where each night 1,100 kids can bed down for $1.50 or less apiece.

Most of the young Danes on the Use It staff are military resisters who had asked for an alternative to a year's army service. Such requests in Denmark usually result in a month's basic training with the remainder of the tour devoted to some kind of social work. Torben Poulsen and six others opened the office in May and braced for the deluge. "Everyone thought there would be a hippie invasion this summer," Poulsen said in a soft, civil voice. "It hasn't turned out, but I think we are getting about double the number this year."

Copenhagen's three sleep-ins, sold out nearly every night, range from the relatively posh $1.50 accommodations of a dormitory, to a $1 bed and breakfast arrangement in an old gym, to a 5-kroner (or 80-cent) berth on the hard floor of a troop tent at Green Camp a few miles from town. At the dormitory, Poulsen said with a small smile, American girls sometimes request dormitory rooms without boys, but after a night's conditioning—one assumed he meant to the Scandinavian way—they usually decided to go co-ed. He observed that there is no such restraint at the notorious Green Camp, known along the knapsack trail from Scotland to the Greek Islands as one of the loosest and freest blue-jean resorts yet assembled.

To get there you take a city bus from either Town Hall or the end of the Walking Street, a ride that has been shared at all hours this summer by patient, unassuming Copenhageners and ragtag, albeit unvocal, kids weighted down with their summer's possessions like old-fashioned strolling junk dealers. Although the point is to travel light, some heft forty-pound packs bristling with pots and pans, lanterns, everything but backyard barbecues. There are lockers at railroad stations, and Green Camp has a safe-storage room, but for fear of theft, most carry their loads every step of the way.

Green Camp's eighteen army-drab tents sit in a weedy field beside a block of new apartment buildings, whose tenants pass with hardly a glance at the odd canvas colony next door. Although the city is accessible at any hour and its spires are visible beyond the fields, most of the 400 or so nightly guests choose to loll around the camp once they have registered at the front gate in late afternoon.

There is no age limit or youth hostel card required, but Green Camp attracts a fairly homogeneous group: young, northern European and American, turned on to drugs or at least hashish, unconcerned with sleep and comfort. No doubt the privations are a kind of adventure to the Americans and Canadians who will go back at summer's end to fresh linens and hot showers.

Checking in, you are given a breakfast ticket and assigned a tent number. I pulled back the flap on No. 4 and stepped into a musty 6 p.m. gloom. There were a few forms stretched out on the twenty-five or so bare mattresses crammed together like cobblestones. A dreamy young girl, somehow out of place, was asking an equally gentle European boy on the next mattress if he had read a certain Greek myth; her English and his French bogged down, and they lay back and slept.

At the rear of the tent, four or five young Europeans were gathered around a balding, bearded American in horn-rims whose self-confidence and deep, resonant voice placed him somewhere close to Madison Avenue. In fact, as they passed around a pipe and one of the young men remarked on his deepening, clearly cut tones, Horn-rims allowed as how he had been in radio and television back in the States. Now he was dealing drugs across Europe and talking in an almost scientific jargon. He purchased, from one, a bag of hash, either Black Nepal or Primo Afghani, and then began cutting off squares of acid-saturated paper. If the others found it agreeable he would return to Green Camp—he was only visiting—and conduct further business. When someone asked his name he said without smiling: "Primo Afghani. It's my dealing name." Then in the serious tones with which a doctor might address an international medical convention he said: "You will have to get into the more sophisticated Mexican drugs over here. Such as psilocybin." They all nodded gravely.

Dinner and evening activities take place in an open space near the entrance to the camp where a counter and wooden chairs and tables are set up. Cheese sandwiches made with the dark flat Danish bread cost just 7 cents; a bowl of brown rice and vegetables, 37 cents. People from a dozen or more countries sat around in the pale twilight talking, reading newspapers, and comparing travel notes, while rock music poured from a loudspeaker. "At first," a Canadian girl told me, "I thought this place was phony, but you know it's . . . well . . . it's really real. Everything runs so smoothly." She had come for a night and had lasted five. "Tent six is where you go when you want to buy Afghan hash. Tents one and seventeen have the action at night."

"Action?"

"Sort of like pagan rituals, all kinds of bongos and guitars playing, kids jammed in, everyone stoned."

She revealed, as others also did in Stockholm, Amsterdam, and London, that sex is a seldom occurrence in troop tents and student dormitories on the European swing. "There's just no privacy," she said.

It was an understatement, or so I learned that night. Perhaps because the hash market had dried up in Copenhagen that week, the pagan ritual never unfolded, although a number of kids got high enough to keep the camp awake and vibrating with a song until two in the morning. Wrapped in a rented army blanket, I slept off and on till dawn, awakening once to see a strange male elbow in my face.

I crept out at 6:30 to find a group of five or six Americans sitting at a table in the damp grayness, with breakfast still an hour-and-a-half away. They had been up all night, tripping on various drugs. One apparently had come close to freaking out, but now he and the others were quietly discussing politics. Two frizzy-haired Brooklyn College

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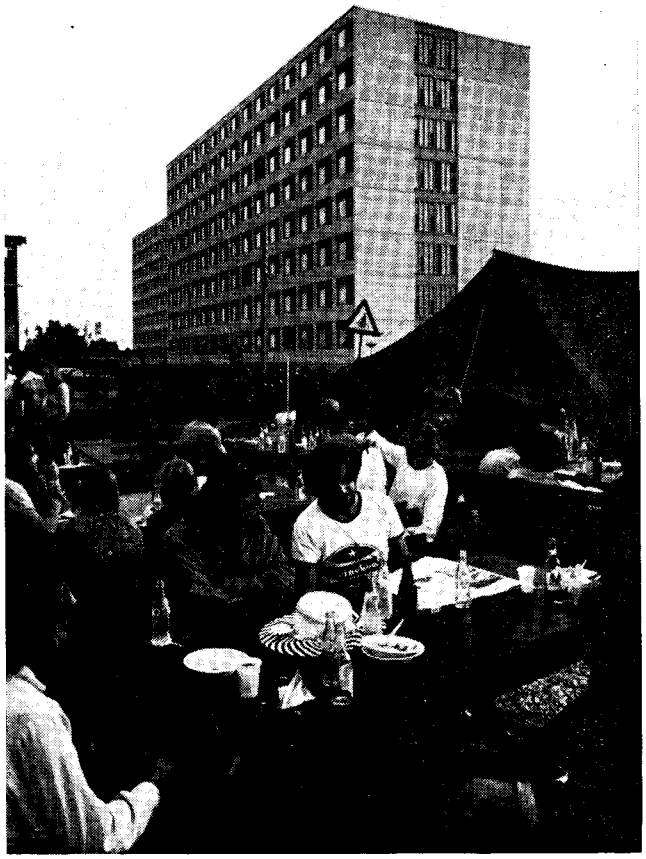

—*Photos by Mark Chester, ASCAP*

Green Camp (above and below) draws the young and hardy to the outskirts of Copenhagen, while back in the city (right) locals seem to be taking the backpackers in stride.

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girls were in the midst of it, talking tougher than hardhats—perhaps of necessity in this rugged, mattress-hogging society, but perhaps not. Two dewy-eyed Scandinavian girls, no more than seventeen, yawning and already on their way, passed the American contingent and gazed down with quizzical looks as if to say: Why must you talk at this hour? And so harshly?

An old woman in black raincoat, a resident almost from the day the camp opened, sat down to wait for breakfast. A Romanian-born French artist, she had somehow come on hard times and told me she would not or could not return to Paris. She said she had once played the violin and pronounced the music at Green Camp *"désolée."* Confused by certain parts of a sign painted on the camp's office wall, she asked me to explain. It said:

"Hi, man. Now you've used our camp for a couple of days and it's been your home for a while and if you think you've paid five Kr a night and that's all—then it's too bad. Green Camp is driven by fifteen war resisters doing their draft in alternative service so you got to do us that favour to go home and preach peace and freedom and love to all those war-horny people, pigs, governments, and presidents you meet."

People were straggling out of the tents, lining up at the counter for portions of bread, cheese, and coffee. Primo Afghani was among them. Evidently his dealings had lasted too far into the night for him to move on.

Of course, only a small percentage of the young American masses have been put up at the three government-sponsored sleep-ins this summer. Those who have been willing or able to pay more than $1.50 have found small hotels or taken spare rooms in Danish homes. One afternoon at the American Express office, a meeting ground for the homesick, penniless, and merely idle in all European cities, two coeds from Silver Spring, Maryland, said they were satisfied with the just under $3 they were paying to live with a Danish family. They were two of the many who had traded in Icelandic tickets to take advantage of the (temporarily) cheaper fares tossed out by rival airlines after June 1. They were also part of the hordes that had descended on Ibiza earlier in the summer. "We were traveling with two guys then," one said. "All we were paying on Ibiza was $2.50 for a room, three meals, a pool, and nearby beach."

Now, after six weeks, they were tired. They agreed there is nothing exaggerated about the reports of amorous Italian men. "The Italians called us the American Express—because we ran so fast. After a while it got to be we wanted to see an American guy—just so we wouldn't be bothered."

Standing in line were two American boys from Springfield, Massachusetts —both in their teens, both very high. They had been sleeping on a beach just outside Copenhagen and generally, it seemed, carrying on as if they had never left home. Had it occurred to them since arriving by SAS—one of the carriers offering slashed youth rates—that they had indeed entered an alien culture? It had, for when I asked them what they missed, they responded quickly:

"I miss McDonalds."

"Yeah, McDonalds and a glass of cold milk—anything cold."

Then the Silver Spring girls joined in. "And hot showers. With a curtain so water doesn't spray all over everything."

Even as the last lingering youths turn tail and fly back to school and work this month, Europe will be preparing for the 1972 inundation. Already there are rumors, by what Europeans call the jungle telegraph, that the migration will turn northward from Amsterdam and Copenhagen to Sweden and Norway. SAS has felt early rumblings in the direction of Stockholm, which I found commodious if a bit expensive for budget-minded American kids, many of whom make a mockery of the $5-a-day goal by spending half that sum.

Stockholm does have a string of clean, inexpensive hostels, the most notable being the boat *Af Chapman* anchored in the main harbor. Once a training school for young marines, the three-master was converted into a hostel in 1949 and placed under the guidance of Ruth Johansson, who had been matron of a boys school in Addis Ababa. Sitting with me on the deck one sunny morning while the last of 132 beds were rented out, she talked proudly of the shipshape hostel that provides porthole views of the Royal Palace, the same sight one gets from a window of the plush Grand Hotel.

"We have one hundred eight countries represented. Who sends the most? Your country. Germany was first, now second. And now the Japanese are coming, on student charters and trains across Russia."

Certain newspaper reports have painted the *Af Chapman* as a waterborne Sodom—a gross misrepresentation, according to Miss Johansson, who said her biggest task is getting kids to make their beds. "The only generalization I would make about a nation," she said, "is that Americans don't keep their things in order."

That will not be news to their mothers.

This is the first of two articles on young American travelers in Europe this summer.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

—Photos by Ron Protas

"As the adored Diva, she is beautiful . . . radiant . . . desirable."

Fonteyn: Ecstasy

FOR MANY, aging is not a very happy condition. Not everyone can accept it with the wry grace of Ninon de l'Enclos, who is imagined, by Dorothy Parker in a poem about the famous courtesan's last birthday, as having said to her mirror, "The dear young men, the sweet young men, they think I'm only seventy." The stage performer probably finds aging more irksome than the average person does, and of all stage artists, the dancer, depending entirely upon his body, finds it the most frustrating of all experiences.

Martha Graham is on record as having said, "I hate age!" Ted Shawn, founder-director of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, embraced an old friend he had not seen for a long time and said, "Albia, how the hell did I get to be eighty? Inside, I still feel like nineteen." Margot Fonteyn, for a quarter of a century, has been the most famous teen-ager in all ballet, Princess Aurora, the sixteen-year-old heroine of the Petipa-Tchaikovsky classic *The Sleeping Beauty*. But Dame Margot of Britain's Royal Ballet is now in her fifties, and she is not at all interested in being an aging Aurora but, rather, a maturing artist.

Margot Fonteyn in the Stuttgart Ballet's "Poème de l'Extase" with "remembered" lovers—Jan Stripling, Richard Cragun, Bernd Berg, Heinz Clauss—and the final suitor, Egon Madsen.

John Cranko, the brilliant director-choreographer of the Stuttgart Ballet, created *Poème de l'Extase* (to the music of the same name by Scriabin plus Sonata No. 9, orchestrated by Wolfgang Fortner) for Fonteyn in the spring of 1970 in Stuttgart. In this summer of 1971, Dame Margot, as guest, danced it here in New York with the Stuttgart during the German company's return to the Metropolitan Opera House (following an earlier Met season and tour). In it, she plays a Diva, of fifty or thereabouts, who is ardently wooed by a Young Man. She is amused, touched, interested, curious, and, finally, deeply concerned. To help her make a decision about the new and boyish contender for her affections, she summons up images of four major lovers in her life. She relives moments with each. At the end, she makes a decision. The boy-suitor is rejected, and she stands alone with her anguished memories.

Poème de l'Extase is not a great ballet. I'm not even certain that it is a good ballet. But it is a great vehicle for the maturing art of Fonteyn. As Alan Beale, ballet master of the Stuttgart Ballet, says succinctly, "It works." It does. And Dame Margot is divine. The ending itself, with Fonteyn alone on stage and touching her face with lonely hands, is a moment never to be forgotten. Is it dance? Is it acting? Whatever it is, it is consummate artistry in the revelation of the inner being.

Jürgen Rose's costumes and great billowing, multihued, stage-high scarves (inspired by Gustav Klimt) seem to combine fantasy with delicious decadence, and the Lovers—Egon Madsen as the final impetuous one and Jan Stripling, Bernd Berg, Heinz Clauss, and Richard Cragun as the remembered amours—are superb. But it is Dame Margot's ballet. As the adored Diva, she is beautiful, she is radiant, she is tormented, she is desirable. Fonteyn's body, with its faultless contours, is still Princess Aurora. In *Poème* Dame Margot does not appear as an aging ballerina but as a performer giving us one more example—Odette-Odile, Giselle, Ondine, Sylvia, Marguerite—that her art has come of age. What theater treasures lie ahead for her—and for us! I'd love to see her as Phaedra (a role that fascinates her), as Blanche in Valerie Bettis's ballet *A Streetcar Named Desire*, perhaps as Theodora of Byzantium (a circus performer who came to rule an empire), or as any of a number of women who have changed the course of history as Fonteyn herself has done with her glorious images in dance.

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Zuñi mask, Brooklyn Museum, New York.

The First Americans as Artists

Memories and questions about the priceless heritage of American Indian arts and crafts

by KATHARINE KUH

A FORTHCOMING book* on a subject of inimitable vitality set up a chain reaction in me. First came weariness at the thought of another primer-like survey that adds little to a field not yet fully explored. But then, slowly, as I leafed through its copious illustrations of Indian arts and crafts, buried memories and old questions took over.

Vivid remembrances surfaced for me, fanned by an extraordinary shot of a Klukwan community-house interior decorated with magnificently carved wall screen and house posts. In the foreground, elaborately outfitted Chilkat Indians pose proudly with other ritual objects, notably bentwood boxes and a giant potlatch vessel large enough to double as a dugout canoe. Years ago—in 1940, to be exact—I traveled from Juneau to the tiny Alaskan village of Klukwan via mail boat and government truck. Once arrived, I found a settlement of no more than a hundred Indians living primitively on a river jumping with salmon and surrounded by mountain scenery of indescribable grandeur.

In retrospect, I am still awed by the quantity and quality of art in that remote Alaskan town. Precisely because it was remote, the Indians there retained animistic clan beliefs and periodically used the masks, rattles, bowls, blankets, and many-tiered hats that had earlier been created for ritual ceremonies, some of which at that time were already banned by our government. I stayed in Klukwan five days, living with a native family and waiting to see a hoard of magnificent painted, carved, and woven objects that were stashed away in the home of an ancient chief, who was hesitant about receiving me. Though the accommodations were hardly first-class, life in Klukwan was endlessly interesting. One evening, I discovered a neglected cemetery where several stone carvings (a rare sight in Alaska) of bear and porcupine likenesses were almost obliterated by dense northern growth. Because that same day I had witnessed a porcupine hunt interrupted frequently by marauding bears, I found the totemic creatures in the graveyard peculiarly relevant. It was clear why animals had assumed transcendental meaning in Alaska, for, only a brief thirty years ago, they were still an integral part of Chilkat life and still provided daily challenges.

I was finally received by the chief, but only because I learned he was a member of the Wolf clan and immediately sent word to him that my maiden name was Woolf. "Welcome, daughter," was his greeting, and to this day I am not sure whether it was guileless or ironic. From trunks and bentwood boxes, from under beds and dark corners, this debilitated old man in the last stages of tuberculosis dragged out a fabulous assortment of ritual objects, all of them connected with a hierarchy of animistic beings who protected, directed, menaced, and enriched the life of his people. As to craftsmanship, this small community was celebrated for a refinement rarely equaled in our country. Today, most of its splendid objects have been lost, chiefly to fire. Klukwan is now all but deserted, its younger people off in a more progressive world.

As I continued to thumb through the book's illustrations, I found myself wondering why American Indians were so preoccupied with the idea of the isolated human hand as a symbol and questioned whether this image meant more than meets the eye. The symbol appears repeatedly from Yucatan to Alaska. Feder's book, which, by the way, deals only with Indian art of the United States, includes a variety of detached painted and carved hands created by the Winnebagos of Nebraska, the Prairie Potawatomi of Kansas, the Zuñis, the Osages, and the Eskimos. These short-hand condensations no doubt symbolized man much as a procession of paws represented bear. Modern painters, especially Miró and Klee, exploited the same device and in addition borrowed widely from primitive art.

That Northwest Coast Indian art technically and conceptually outstripped that of all other tribes in the United States is undeniable. The Tlingit and Haida produced wood carvings that at times can hold their own with the sculpture of Pre-Columbian Latin America, which is, to be sure, considerably better preserved, if only because it was made of stone. Alaskan and Mayan images have unexpected affini-

American Indian Art by Norman Feder (to be published in November by Harry N. Abrams, Inc.)

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(Left) Cloth appliqué shirt with double-headed wolf, attributed to Haida, Royal Ontario Museum, University of Toronto. (Right) Chilkat painted leather shirt, University Museum, Philadelphia.

ties; they share the same contained violence, the same emphasis on interlocking animal and human forms, the same enigmatic and inexplicable Oriental overtones. Because thousands of miles and many centuries separated these cultures, it is unlikely they were in any way related; yet how then explain their stylistic parallels?

Two motifs thread through much of American Indian art. A constant identification with supernatural animals, birds, and fish is scarcely surprising in a primitive people who lived intimately with nature. But why this people also concentrated on abstract geometric designs is another matter. Probably most of the abstract designs found in their pottery, rugs, baskets, bags, and boxes grew out of such familiar experiences as rain, lightning, sunlight, and growth. Sometimes even animal and human forms were so stylized as to seem divorced from nature, but in reality nature was the point of departure for Indian art. Many older natives who recalled orally transmitted tribal myths are now dead, but not too long ago survivors in both the Southwest and Northwest were able to recount in minute detail the meaning of each element that distinguished the art of their region. The aboriginals' totemic carvings served as visual folk literature and left little to chance. Parts of bodies represented the whole; different attributes of animals were expressed by almost imperceptible variations; each line, angle, curve, and color was endowed with a specific definition, for, though the Indians were accomplished designers, they rarely sacrificed meaning to esthetics. At their best, they could coordinate the two.

Take, for example, the sand paintings of the Navahos. And, incidentally, these were genuine "earthworks" and no less expendable though far less self-conscious than their chic present-day counterparts. The Navahos were at once pragmatists and mystics. Since they were chiefly nomadic, they rarely burdened themselves with unwieldy accouterments, but, undaunted, they created large ephemeral paintings that were predicated on eventual dissolution. Sifted directly onto dry desert land, these compositions of earth-colored sand seem abstract on first glance, but they are not. Related to various healing ceremonies, they were deliberately destroyed in the process of transferring their magic messages to ailing supplicants.

Another highly evocative Indian convention, which appeared frequently in the North Pacific, was based on multitiered hats that were regarded as signs of prestige. And prestige as a stimulating force was immensely important. To achieve it, clans and families were known to ruin themselves by giving away the bulk of their possessions, usually at potlatch ceremonies, which may explain why these rites were eventually banned. The stacking of hats, sometimes five high, suggests the Jungian theory that pretentious headgear represents man's drive for social prominence.

My most poignant encounter in Indian territory took place at Kasaan, a deserted Haida village on the southeast coast of Alaska. I had gone there hoping to study a group of old Haida poles still *in situ* on a nearby island. Only two white people lived in Kasaan, a schoolteacher "outside" for the summer and an elderly missionary lady who presided over a dirty two-room cabin and offered hospitality to rare white visitors. Dressed in hip boots, for it was raining as usual in Alaska's panhandle, she approached me suspiciously and asked, "Be you a teacher?" "No," I said. "Be you a missionary?" "No." "Be you a prostitute?" "No." "Well, then what be you?" When I tried to explain I had come to look at Indian art, she was stunned. For her these people among whom she lived were incapable of "art." They were heathen children whose ungodly carvings (she called them souvenirs) were better burned and forgotten. And, indeed, her whole effort was directed toward utterly destroying the very objects I had come to see. In place of majestic Haida sculpture encompassing some of the greatest wood carvings man has conceived, she offered penny reproductions of Christian homilies and the murderous music of an untuned pump organ.

Fire, negligence, and dry rot have hurried the disintegration of Indian monuments, but, alas, so too have American missionaries whose Puritan zeal and ignorance encouraged the destruction of a priceless heritage while at the same time discouraging any native pride that might have helped preserve it.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Same Old Tunnel

Busted Dreams was the title of an aborted documentary that Gordon R. Watkins had hoped to write and produce for WCBS-TV, the network's owned and operated New York station. After Mr. Watkins had won critical acclaim for *Caught in the Middle*, a ninety-minute videotape drama shot entirely on location in Harlem (which WCBS-TV presented last December), the talented producer-writer-director proposed the *Busted Dreams* documentary to his employers. It would deal, he said, with the frustrated ambitions of several blacks with varied educational backgrounds. The CBS flagship station said no. Watkins now has his own production firm, the Toussaint Group, Inc., and is discussing new plans with the ABC Television network.

Watkins represents a small busted dream of my own. I saw *Caught in the Middle* recently when WCBS-TV repeated it. Suddenly a door seemed to open in television's house. The lives and problems of ethnic minorities in the United States were depicted with honesty and force. Watkins's protagonist, a black welfare worker, loses his fight to improve bad housing conditions in Harlem, after a courageous struggle against slumlords, city bureaucrats, and minions of organized crime. In a quick, somewhat unclear ending, the hero, after addressing a small crowd, throws himself violently onto a policeman.

I was astonished by the power of the climax. *Caught in the Middle* was an angry cry of protest. Its hero had been a neighborhood teen warlord; he had gone to college and returned to the streets to work rationally for change. Watkins's ending invited the inference that such change was not possible. I also was impressed by the truth and vigor of the characters. Here were no pleasantly modulated nor sensationally overstated ethnic stereotypes of blacks and Puerto Ricans. The people were convincing in their strengths and weaknesses; the dialogue and values were believable. Eager to learn the circumstances that had produced *Caught in the Middle* and given the gifted Watkins a chance, I called him and WCBS-TV the next morning.

It was then that my small summer dream was busted. The author had not intended his ending to symbolize violent action against the system. His hero should have been depicted "cracking up" under the pressure of his failure to effect rational change, but the one good "take" that made this clear was technically flawed and unusable. Furthermore, Watkins had charged in a published article that the TV industry had cut back minority programing for fear of "fragmenting" its mass audiences (and also to express displeasure at ethnic groups that were challenging TV stations' license renewals). D. Thomas Miller, president of CBS Television Stations, had replied to Watkins's article, and there had been a counter-reply. The arguments revolved around the high cost of local production of TV dramas, the alleged "divisive" nature of ethnic vs. "broad appeal" programing, staff cutbacks, etc.

Watkins found himself faced not with the opening of a door but the same old dismal blocked tunnel. While praising WCBS-TV for removing "some of the horrendous inequities . . . in employment patterns," Watkins charged "that there are still no blacks or Puerto Ricans with the power to stimulate or originate programing." The same regrettably can be said about whites. It was not the color of the playwright's skin that tripped him up at WCBS-TV but the color of his ideas. If black employment ratios are slowly improving in TV, significant drama dealing with minorities remains scarce. Television has closed its doors to many gifted whites who have attempted, with equal lack of success, to challenge the same mass medium shibboleths of which Watkins fell afoul.

The TV industry may be in for some busted dreams of its own. It cannot forever hold its "broad appeal" fortress against the pounding of pluralism and robust, vigorous diversity. A recent U.S. Court of Appeals decision *(Business Executives' Move for Vietnam Peace v. FCC)* has given fresh impetus to that pounding. I will comment on that decision in my next column.

"If you throw me back in, I'll give you three wishes. On the other hand, if you eat me, you'll probably get mercury poisoning."

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

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A Challenge for the President

Does President Nixon really want America's polluted rivers and lakes to be cleaned up once for all?

The question was put to him indirectly last month by the leading Democratic obstacle to his hopes for re-election in 1972, United States Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine.

The Senator personally said or did nothing evocative of the challenge. But the environmental subcommittee he chairs within the Senate Public Works Committee reported out on the sixth day of August, for the full committee's approval, a bill proclaiming the first set of clear and sharp priorities ever laid out for action toward ending pollution of the nation's waterways.

The top priority fixed by the subcommittee is "recycling of pollutants and the reclamation of water, including confined and contained disposal on land of pollutants so they will not migrate to cause (or will limit to the maximum extent attainable) water or other environmental pollution." In unlegislative English, this means that wherever possible human sewage effluent must be turned away from its present outfall in rivers and lakes, impounded for appropriate periods of time in treatment ponds inland, and then released to irrigate barren soils with fertilizing spray.

As a second priority (to be applied where soil conditions are not conducive to land disposal of sewage), the Senate bill calls for "the best available treatment of pollutants before discharge into receiving waters."

Together, these two priorities say that at the present time there is no requirement in law that the best available scientific knowledge and technological skill be put to use to clean the country's waterways and keep them clean.

As now worded, the laws on the books provide only for a system of federal tax subsidies that pays for biological treatment of sewage at a rate of $1-million for every hour of the standard forty-hour work week the year round, but does not remove from sources of public drinking water a host of disease-carrying viruses, nitrates hazardous to human health, or organic substances known to cause cancer.

This old and expensive but inefficient and haphazard regime would be ended by the bill Senator Muskie's subcommittee has approved. The text of the legislative draft specifies that no federal money would be given to states, municipalities, or other government agencies that failed to meet the two designated priorities by July 1, 1973.

To make sure that the old pattern is broken, the Senate subcommittee bill applies federal subsidies for sewage disposal to acquisition of land for treatment ponds and irrigation acreage as well as to the sewer pipes, pumps, electric power generators, and assorted equipment heretofore eligible.

Prints of the proposed Senate bill are now circulating. They have aroused a sharp reaction in the Environmental Protection Agency. Much of the planning for disposal of sewage on land would have to be done on a regional basis, and the federal government agency with the greatest experience in such planning is the United States Army Corps of Engineers. The enthusiasm with which the Corps built flood control dams in the past enraged many conservationists who have since come into prominence. These men have the sympathy of Russell Train, chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality, which is responsible for framing the policies that EPA pursues.

If President Nixon decides to stand behind the opposition to the water pollution control priorities of the Muskie subcommittee, he may find himself aligned not only against the Democratic majority of the Senate but a bipartisan coalition in the House of Representatives as well.

The House Committee on Public Works is chaired by John A. Blatnik, Democrat of Minnesota. He has been making enthusiastic speeches about "the Muskegon project." This enterprise, which has been described in these pages ["Reviving the Great Lakes," *SR*, November 7, 1970], is a precedent-setting venture in land disposal of sewage. Five regional applications of its principles now are being studied by the Corps of Engineers. "In our new legislation [that is, the House counterpart of the Muskie subcommittee bill], we intend to foster innovations such as this," Blatnik has said. "Bill Harsha of Ohio, the ranking minority [Republican] member of the Public Works Committee and a strong champion of environmental protection, shares my enthusiasm. . . . We are approaching the . . . problem on a completely non-partisan basis because there is no place for political gamesmanship in our national effort to preserve the waters that must sustain all of our lives."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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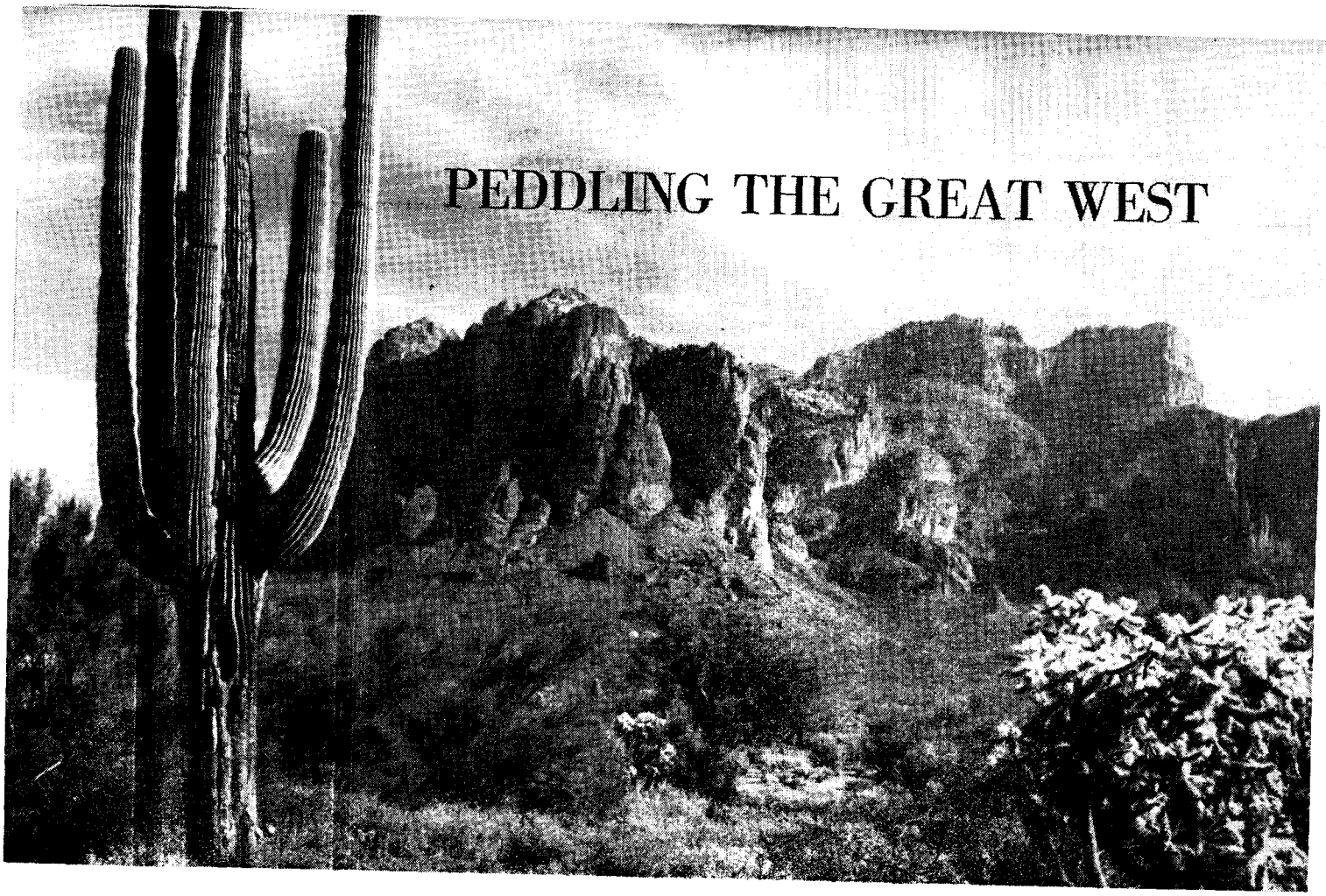
PEDDLING THE GREAT WEST



—Black S

by THOMAS W. PEW, JR.

TUCSON.

I followed the dashed purple line along Interstate Highway 19 south from Tucson along the Santa Cruz River from the saguaro cactus country in Pima County through swatches of graceful palo verde with their green trunks and branches, by stretches of cholla and prickly pear and barrel cactus and long spiny-armed ocotillo, down to Tubac Presico (where the oldest Spanish settlement in Arizona was located), on down to Tumacacori (where the ruins of a Spanish mission from 1691 stand), and finally to the old Baca Float Ranch, with its spread of desert grassland and rough-cast mountains. About twenty miles south of Tucson (eighteen miles or so north of the double border towns of Nogales), the dashed purple line ran into thick red, white, and blue stripes on a billboard from which a sketch of President Teddy Roosevelt's face advised me: LAND IS THE BASIS OF WEALTH. INVEST IN RIO RICO LAND.

THOMAS W. PEW, JR., is editor and associate publisher of *Troy Daily News*, of Troy, Ohio. He visited Arizona in the course of preparing a series of articles for his newspaper on out-of-state land companies that were peddling land in Ohio.

The garish billboard marked the end of the Baca Float and the beginning of a new kind of development for the whole of southern Arizona. The old ranch has been renamed the Rio Rico, and all 55,000 acres of it are being subdivided into building lots that are peddled like patent medicine to buyers who, with few exceptions, are conspicuously not from Arizona.

The developer of the Baca Float, General Acceptance Corporation (GAC), of Allentown, Pennsylvania, is the company that bought out Gulf American Corporation. Gulf American pioneered the selling of vast tracts of Florida land in little lots to people from every state in the United States and from sixty foreign countries. Gulf American company was so successful with its land-selling techniques (including cocktails, dinners, and airplane flights to Florida for prospective buyers) that it ran out of dry land and began selling land under water in the Big Cypress Swamp.

Albert Winnikoff described Gulf American's underwater land sales technique in his book *The Land Game* thus:

> Since much of the Gulf American land, some 300,000 acres, is sloshy swampland, walking on it can be a dampening experience. Therefore, prospective Gulf American buyers are flown over the property at a height of 1,500 feet. From the air, it looks green, lush, beautiful. But below the verdant beauty is the Big Cypress Swamp. . . . When a freezing farmer from North Dakota winter flies into the melting warmth of that Florida sunshine, he is psychologically ripe for buying. And when a bright-eyed, soft-spoken, all-American boy with a warm Southern accent promises profits that warm the heart further, it's no wonder people buy. There is a mystical aura surrounding the whole transaction that starts off with a cocktail party. And since we generally meet friends, not enemies, at a party, the people of Gulf American Corporation make every effort to appear friendly. And who but a friend would offer to fly people from the frozen north to the sunlit south?

The ebullient performance described by Winnikoff ultimately brought on an investigation by the Florida Installment Land Sales Board. In the midst of this inquiry, a new law replaced the Florida Installment Land Sales Board with a new agency called simply the Florida Land Sales Board. On the strength of the old board's findings, the new board brought five charges of fraudulent sales practice against Gulf American, which first pleaded guilty and was ordered to suspend land sales for thirty days. Later, the company sued Florida for $16-million, saying it had entered the guilty plea under du-

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ress. Still later, Florida's 2nd District Court of Appeals held that the Land Sales Board had no authority to base charges on the earlier board's investigation; the whole proceeding was "quashed in toto." Whereupon, the Florida Land Sales Board appealed the case to the Florida state Supreme Court.

While the appeal was pending, Gulf American earnings dropped from $11.5- to $2.9-million. In February 1969 Gulf American Corporation merged with General Acceptance Corporation (listed on the New York Stock Exchange, GAC is interested in consumer and commercial financing, insurance, manufacturing, computer leasing, and retail merchandising), and the two southern Arizona properties then owned by Gulf American—Rio Rico and the nearby Empire Ranch—changed hands.

GAC's urban plans for southern Arizona grasslands and desert call for 180,000 people plus industry on the old Baca Float and 180,000 to 300,000 more people plus industry on the 60,000-acre Empire Ranch complex. The present population of Tucson is 360,000.

I gathered these facts after passing Teddy Roosevelt's billboard and entering the plush GAC Rio Rico land sales offices. These quarters, a handful of GAC buildings, a GAC hotel, several model houses, and a few more occupied homes were the only signs of development I could see at Rio Rico. In the office lobby was a big poster with a picture of Will Rogers, Jr., and the words: HISTORY IS IN THE MAKING AT RIO RICO AND YOU CAN SHARE IN IT.

Soon a very, very well-dressed man in a red blazer with an old-school-type GAC emblem on one pocket was offering to sign me up as a VIT—"very important traveler." He wore a sharply styled haircut and was redolent of after-shave lotion. As a VIT, he explained, I would be guaranteed payment for the gasoline I spent driving from Tucson. I would also receive 1,000 green trading stamps.

Someone popped his head out from the sales offices and announced that it was "going to be another one of those days—sun shining all day with just the right touch of cooling wind." Then a salesman was upon me, shaking my hand and asking me where my wife was today, meanwhile ushering me down a long corridor of identical selling cells to his cubicle. Then the sales pitch.

Much of what the salesman said came so fast and with such a flurry of papers and maps and contracts, opening and closing of books, sketching out of figures, and two interrupting telephone calls that, although I consider myself a reasonably experienced reporter, I was hard pressed to catch the meaning of everything he was saying. Finally, in desperation, I took out a note pad and started writing down his remarks. At once the salesman stopped spieling and queried: "Are you going to take all of this down in writing?"

"Oh, no, sir, not all of it," I replied hastily, "but when I get home my wife will ask me all sorts of questions, and if I don't make some notes I won't be able to tell her what happened at Rio Rico and we won't be able to decide whether or not we can buy land here."

The salesman, who was as nattily dressed and as sharply hair-styled as the man who had signed me in, shifted a bit behind his desk, apparently ill at ease about the note pad. But soon he was back up to his original speed and pitch:

"Now, Mr. Pew, what you should know is that 95 per cent of Rio Rico is already sold. We put in all of the utilities and built houses out from what we call the compulsion areas. We work on a cash flow here—do you know that GAC is on the New York Stock Exchange?—and I can tell you that your land value will increase, compounded 20 to 27 per cent.

"When you buy land here you don't have to build right away—that's only in the compulsion area where you have to build right away if you want to buy there. What you do is buy a piece of land and then jockey for position with it. Say if you buy a piece of property for $8,000 and it goes up to $16,000 in three years you can exchange it for a piece of property of equal value. But 97 per cent of our land is already sold; so there's not much left to work with."

At this point the telephone rang. The salesman had a conversation. Then he came back to me:

"Mr. Pew, you know that in Rio Rico you can sell land up to 20 per cent in one year. And we keep 10 per cent of each section open so the people who buy here can trade around. When we get the Empire Ranch opened up to housing we'll be trading between here and there too. The only problem we have, Mr. Pew, is that we just don't have enough land to sell. Our brokers all over the United States are crying for more land to sell. But we just don't have any left. We're an investment company, you see, we want to sell you stock—I mean land—because it's a good investment. We're on the New York Stock Exchange, remember.

"There's going to be a price increase here the middle of next month, so it would be good to pick up an option now. Thirty families live here now and 28,000 lots have already been sold. None of our industry will pollute. The golf course will be started this week, and you can have a free membership in the country club until 1978. The utilities will be all in by 1978.

"We're on the New York Stock Exchange, you know, and we have a hundred and ten million dollars invested here. Don't worry about the taxes on the land—we haven't been billing the folks who buy for the taxes.

"How do we do it? That's just the way we do business, Mr. Pew. This is GAC—we've proven it in Florida, and GAC pays for the utilities. The lots cost $4,500 to $7,000. That's $300 down and $59 a month. Don't call it payments, Mr. Pew. Call it investment. We're on the New York Stock Exchange.

"Two hundred people come to look at our land here every day, even without our flight program. We're on the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. Pew. Well, Mr. Pew, that's all the questions I can answer now . . . if you want to pick up the option today. . . ."

I left without my free tank of gasoline or my 1,000 green trading stamps. I didn't even ask for them. Outside, in my car, I looked at the contract the salesman had given me. Not only did it fail to corroborate the salesman's finest points about Rio Rico, but it contained a curious item: "In the event engineering problems develop from a standpoint of physical characteristics of the land, or from an Act or Acts of God, including, but not limited to, contours, rock formations, adverse soil conditions . . . or any other unforeseen development problems which would make the development of this unsuitable for the purpose for which it is sold and unfeasible for land development, Seller reserves the right to allocate another site to Buyer. . . ."

I drove back to Tucson to talk to University of Arizona Law Professor Winton D. Woods, Jr. He recently had written to the Pima County Planning and Zoning Commission that: "Ours can be the finest metropolitan region in the nation if we work toward ordered development of high quality. If we allow the land sales promoters to have their way, we will end up with nothing but mammoth suburbs sprawl-

"If we allow the land sales promoters to have their way, we will end up with nothing but mammoth suburbs."

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ing endlessly across the valley and county."

The professor put me in touch with a Midwestern couple who had purchased a parcel of Rio Rico property. The man and his wife weren't concerned with the fine points Professor Woods made about urban sprawl in the middle of open range land. But they did care about the one little lot they were sold at an Executive Inn GAC dinner in Warren, Michigan, on the evening of June 3, 1969.

Out of fear of retaliation from GAC, these people asked me to identify them only as "the couple from Michigan." They said they had moved to Arizona because the husband, a hod carrier in Detroit, had injured his back and was unable to work.

"When we bought the Rio Rico property, the GAC salesman told us the property would triple in value within ten years," the wife began. "In no event, he said, would it less than double, and it could go up ten times in ten years. The value of land can only go up, he promised. We were to pay $4,000 for our lot, so we signed $224 down and we were to pay $45 per month including interest.

"But when we got out here to Arizona I saw an article in the paper that said the GAC was fighting with the tax people. GAC was claiming that our lots were worth only $185 and wouldn't be worth more until the improvements were in. The Santa Cruz County tax assessor set the value at $1,600—still a long way from the $4,000 we were given as the value."

It is common practice for real estate owners to seek assessment of their properties for tax purposes at figures lower than the sales value. However, the size of the discrepancy in Rio Rico figures was referred to at a hearing conducted by the Arizona State Property Tax Appeals Board. An Associated Press news report of the hearing said GAC admitted that Rio Rico lots were selling for $5,000 but that this price included $2,500 in sales expenses plus costs of future improvements that would not be usable for ten years.

The sales pitch made to me at the Rio Rico headquarters did not clearly state the how, when, where, and how much concerning the utilities; but I certainly left with the impression that GAC would install all of the utilities at no cost to me as a prospective home owner.

According to J. Mercer Johnson, special counsel for the state of Arizona, the only future improvements GAC contracts guarantee to lot buyers are roads and a water system. At the tax hearing, Santa Cruz Appeals Board member Lowell Monsess said he did not think the future improvements should be included in the customer costs because lot buyers would not be served free at the hotel and country club.

When the Michigan couple showed up at Rio Rico and asked to be shown their lot, the salesman, according to the wife, "drove us to the top of a hill and pointed out over the desert and said, 'There, your lot is out there somewhere.'" She added that the same scene was repeated a year later.

Maybe the fact that the lot couldn't be reached by its buyers would be classified by GAC as an "Act of God." But was this circumstance an "unforeseen development"? The couple from Michigan didn't think so.

"After finding out that the land company was telling us our lot was worth $4,000 while it was telling the tax assessors the lot was worth only $185, we decided to get out of our contract," the wife continued. "At first it looked like they were going to make it difficult for us. But as soon as we turned to an attorney and the Tucson Board of Realtors, GAC came around and let us out.

"People like us pay for sales promotion to bring in more people to buy more land. If we'd just kept our money in the bank we'd have the interest. Instead, at Rio Rico, if we had allowed our contract to run, we would be paying over $1,000 interest. And while they used our money, we would be getting billed for taxes every year on this property we couldn't use or sell."

One Tucson resident who is also a real estate developer has come out openly against GAC. William B. Franklin has published a full page ad in one of the Tucson papers objecting to the next GAC project—the subdivision of the old Empire Ranch. According to Franklin and other Pima and Santa Cruz County individuals and groups aligned with him, the Empire Ranch has nowhere near enough water to support the 180,000 to 300,000 residents its developers claim to be planning for.

Apparently, the Pima County Board of Supervisors takes the water question seriously. The board has delayed final approval of the full Pima County section of the Empire Ranch project. The Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors has required GAC to demonstrate that it can provide adequate water and sewer facilities before approval will be given for rezoning from general rural to residential that section of the ranch lying in Santa Cruz County. Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors Chairman William J. Baffert, a Santa Cruz rancher, has observed that "that land is red clay and it doesn't absorb sewage. What are they [GAC] going to do when 1,000 septic tanks fill up?"

On the subject of Rio Rico—land he considers "pretty much already lost"—realtor Franklin told me: "Rio Rico is terribly overpriced. You can buy a choice one-acre lot in the Catalina Foothills of Tucson, where I live, for $7,500 right now. That price includes paved streets, power, and water. At Rio Rico you pay $4,000 or $5,000 right now and it may well be ten years before the utilities are brought in. And the cost of the utilities will probably up the actual purchase price.

"Furthermore, our zoning regulations call for a clear and special need for real estate development. No such need exists at Rio Rico. This is a purely speculative project, a forced proposition, with sales made primarily to out-of-state people who don't know what they're getting into. Even in their own prospectus [for the purchase of debentures issued by the real estate company] GAC admits there is no immediate resale value for the land purchase contracts they're using.

"From an ecological standpoint, this method of selling eats up land and commits it to a given direction for which there is no need. Just look at the results out there: After two years of selling, after 28,000 lots have been sold, only thirty dwelling units have been built."

Late last year a GAC Properties Credit, Inc., prospectus offering 12 per cent senior debentures did document some of GAC's selling problems very thoroughly: "The enactment of the federal 'Truth-in-Lending' Act required changes in selling procedures in July 1969, which have had the effect of increasing the rate of contract cancellations in the early contract months. . . ." The prospectus showed that the average down payment for the nine-month period ending September 30, 1970, on all GAC properties was 4.84 per cent of the gross selling price. The prospectus also showed that for the same period cancellations of land sales of prior years amounted to $25,265,000, and that cancellations of land sales made during the first three-quarters of the year 1970 amounted to $38,038,000. Thus, total land sales cancellations in the nine-month period ending September 30, 1970, were $63,303,000.

Even if it is assumed that only the 4.84 per cent down payment was involved in these cancellations, the GAC prospectus revelations mean that $3,063,000 deposited by small land purchasers was forfeited by disenchanted buyers. One can safely assume that the forfeited total would be substantially higher since the previous years' down payment was 6.21 per cent and since the probability is that the $25-million in prior years' cancellations involved at least one annual payment in addition to the initial deposit.

If the Rio Rico properties were salable and if they were appreciating at

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anything like the rate the GAC salesman told me they are, surely the buyers of the properties would have sold at a profit rather than sacrificed what they had invested.

The GAC prospectus referred to earlier notes: "The contracts provide . . . that in case of failure to make specified payments, all payments previously made are forfeited, and thereupon the land becomes available for resale." Later on, the prospectus also notes: "There is no significant resale market for installment contracts."

Stockholders who buy GAC stock or debentures obviously have access to this knowledge. But the buyer who goes out to Rio Rico or attends a dinner party at his local motel rarely if ever invests in stock or debentures.

To assure myself that I was not getting a one-sided image of GAC's operation in southern Arizona, I interviewed several of the many former GAC salesmen who now live in the Tucson area. One who had participated in the underwater sales operations of Gulf American in Florida said that the sales techniques haven't changed "one bit" from those used in the old days before Gulf American was taken over by GAC.

"Gulf American may have a new parent company," he told me, "but the old sales team is still using the old ways of selling the land. It's those techniques that made me leave them."

Another southern Arizona resident who used to sell for GAC said that the company was so successful in Florida that it became drunk with power. "At first we sold Cape Coral in Florida as a legitimate community, and today it is a community. Then we sold Golden Gate with roads, then River Ranch with nothing, and finally Remuda Ranch under water. Everything worked. One of the bosses said one time that 'eventually we'll reach the point where we'll just mail contracts and the people will send them in and we'll tell them where we'll put them.'

"You wouldn't believe some of the tricks we played on those people," he said, warming to the subject. "We used to fly them to Florida, and on the airplane we'd say we were having a contest to see who could give us the most names and addresses of people they knew back home who might be interested in buying land in Florida. Or we would ask them to fill out a questionnaire so we would know more about the kind of property they were interested in. We would use the answers on the questionnaire to tailor our sales pitch to the customers. Afterward the people we'd sold to were treated terribly, as if they were a bunch of cattle.

"The salesmen today are trained not to mention Gulf American. 'Don't ever use the name,' is pounded into their heads. But the tactics are the same."

An attorney who, like myself, went through the Rio Rico sales pitch recently in order to see for himself how land is being sold by GAC salesmen was asked to sign a Housing and Urban Development Department form acknowledging the buyer's understanding of his legal rights. Later, when the attorney started to leave the GAC sales office without signing a land purchase contract, the salesman told him: "Wait a minute, you can't leave, you've already signed this [the HUD form], and you're obligated." When the attorney disclosed that he was an attorney and asked the salesman to repeat the statement just made concerning the HUD form, the salesman profusely excused himself.

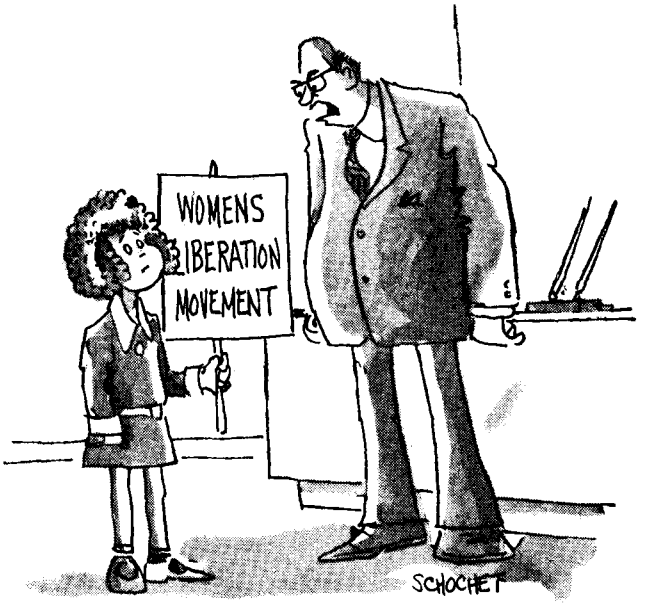
In its own public policy statement GAC features itself as "the largest land marketer in America and probably the world." There can be no doubt that GAC is the largest single land sales company in southern Arizona today. However, it is far from being alone in the field there; and, according to real estate men, ranchers, urban residents, and land attorneys I have interviewed in the Tucson area, the sales techniques used by GAC are employed by many other land sales companies. In some cases, I was told, the GAC practices I learned of are more ethical than some tactics employed by some smaller companies. But GAC, because of its size, has become the focal point of resistance for people in southern Arizona like Law Professor Wood and realtor Franklin and the hod carrier from Michigan who wish to see something other than inflated-price urban sprawl in the desert.

There are indications that GAC may reform its land sales operation. During the week after I was in Tucson gathering material for this report, GAC (the parent company) announced that it was replacing nine executives in GAC Properties. According to GAC Director of Public Relations Richard A. Warner, the nine executives "parted amicably." "It was just a difference in philosophies," he said, that prompted the bringing in of new executives. "The new president of Properties, Frank Steffens, wants total community development emphasized," Warner told me by telephone from GAC offices in Florida.

"In the past, the company emphasized unimproved land sales; Mr. Steffens wants to emphasize the development phase now. We want to see to it that the development plans are carried through to completion. Our new contracts will require a higher down payment and a shorter contract period."

Asked whether GAC Properties would continue the nationwide cocktail-dinner party technique of selling land, Mr. Warner replied: "Yes, that will continue. That's an accepted marketing technique used by every company. The sales technique will remain the same for the present."

While responsible committees of the U.S. Congress consider legislation to govern the use of land throughout the country in keeping with the American people's concern over protection of the environment and enhancement of the quality of life, not only the residents of southern Arizona but conservationists, ecologists, legislators, and ordinary citizens everywhere will be watchful of the new management at GAC Properties. Does it intend a new approach to the land, or just a new approach to land sales?



"For heaven's sake, when are you going to grow up?"

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THE URBAN WILDERNESS

"Abundance of vacant lots and abandoned structures . . . strewn with junk, garbage, and other debris."

HISTORICALLY, ecologists and conservationists have reserved their concerns for the great outdoors—the mountains, the forests, the rivers, and the lakes. It was in this spirit that the first annual report of the White House Council on Environmental Quality was written a year ago. Perspectives have shifted radically since then, and CEQ's second annual report, just issued, reflects the change in a special chapter devoted to the environment of the inner cities. The view from the ghetto is still a dreary and discouraging one, the CEQ text reproduced below concedes. But new hope is shining through apertures in the garbage piles, through the gaping windows of abandoned tenements, through the miniature green canopies of vest-pocket parks. The urban poor themselves are beginning to accept the misery of the slums, drug addiction, rampant crime, chronic sickness, and rat bites as aspects of a pattern of evolution in the quality of life everywhere, and they are courageously fitting their meager resources into a happier design for tomorrow.

The traditional environmental objectives of clean air and water and preservation of national parks and wilderness are not the central concerns of most inner city poor. They focus instead on more immediate economic and social interests. Some spokesmen for inner city areas fear that the environmental movement may divert public attention and funds from these issues to more traditional environmental issues. For many inner city residents, the overwhelming concern is poverty and its accompanying ills—inadequate housing, high crime rates, poor health, unsanitary conditions, inadequate education and recreation, and drug addiction—all of which are exacerbated by racial discrimination. These factors may not be environmental when looked at individually. But their net effect is to lower the quality of life.

Nevertheless, there is growing evidence that among the urban poor—those with the most to gain from environmental improvements—are some who have decided to embrace environmentalism in their own distinct way. Their use of the term environment is broader than the traditional definition. Their concept embraces not only more parks, but better housing; not only cleaner air and cleaner water, but rat extermination.

In a number of cities—Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Washington, D.C.—community groups and new organizations are attacking environmental problems of the inner city. At the same time, some traditional conservation groups are developing programs to assist in improving the quality of life in inner city neighborhoods. An example is Young Adults for Resources and the Environment (YARE). A small spinoff from the Izaak Walton League of America, it is intended to open channels of communication between inner city young adults and citizen conservation organizations through environmental workshops and citizen action projects such as antilitter programs, and organization of people to participate in hearings on local issues that affect their interests. YARE is working in Cleveland, Duluth, New York City, and Washington, D.C.

The variety of environmental problems of the inner city and the absence of simple answers to these problems make it particularly important that corrective efforts be tailored to the needs and priorities of each locality. This approach becomes even more important when it is recognized that most of the resources for coping with the broad environmental problems of a city are raised within the locality itself. Federal assistance, although large and continuing to grow, is only a fraction of the total resources available for dealing with local problems. A solution to these problems requires, first of all, that the significant local resources be used in a planned, effective way to meet locally determined priorities. Federal aid can be most effective when it helps the locality to meet its own recognized needs instead of impeding or distorting local priorities.

Air pollution generally hangs more heavily over the inner city than the rest of the urban area, and far more heavily than over most suburban and rural areas. A 1969 study conducted for the National Air Pollution Control Admin-

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istration (NAPCA, now a part of the Environmental Protection Agency) confirmed that concentrations of particulate matter, carbon monoxide, and sulfur oxides decline steadily out from urban areas (urban measuring points are all located in downtown areas). Based on samples collected over a two-year period, the study shows that average concentrations of particulates in non-urban areas are between 10 and 50 per cent of the average in urban areas.

Inner city residents are delivered the same water as other urban residents. But frequently added problems must be faced. Water pipes in inner city housing are sometimes old and ill-kept and often contain pipe or joint cementing compound made of lead (no longer used in construction). Under such conditions, water containing as much as 920 micrograms of lead per liter has been found in inner city areas, compared to an average of 20 micrograms per liter elsewhere. This burden is added to the lead present in paint, plaster, and caulking of older houses and apartments in decaying neighborhoods. About thirty years ago nontoxic paint was developed, and today the sale of interior paint in excess of 1 per cent lead is illegal in most urban areas. The newer paints, however, only cover the old toxic paints. Flaking and chipping make leaded paint available to the unwitting grasp of a child. Ingestion of lead occurs mostly among children between the ages of one and three years who exhibit pica, a craving for non-food substances. Prolonged or recurrent ingestion of lead produces abnormal levels of lead in the blood and, in a significant number of cases, lead poisoning. Lead poisoning has caused mental retardation and sometimes death.

Junk and litter accumulated in streets, on sidewalks, and in vacant lots and doorways are a familiar sight in poverty areas and cannot help having a psychological effect on those who live there. The resident often despairs of keeping his small living space clean when all around him are litter and garbage. He may conclude that since refuse collection is a public service, the abundance of uncollected litter indicates that his neighborhood is being discriminated against. Residents in nine of twenty cities surveyed by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders listed inadequate sanitation and garbage removal as significant grievances.

The reasons for failure to maintain sanitary conditions in the inner city are complex and interrelated. Buildings designed in earlier days have been subdivided into numerous crowded living units, with little provision for storage areas, common spaces, or refuse collection systems. Receptacles are often nonexistent, makeshift, or in poor condition—all leading to a situation in which wind, animals, and vandals spread litter throughout houses and neighborhoods. The abundance of vacant lots and abandoned structures, already strewn with refuse, encourages further accumulation of junk, garbage, and other debris.

It is estimated that there are more than 100,000 abandoned dwelling units in New York City, between 20,000 and 30,000 in Philadelphia, more than 10,000 in St. Louis, 4,000 or more in Baltimore, and 5,000 or more in Chicago. Abandonment often occurs even when available housing is relatively limited. The percentage of dwelling units for rent or sale in New York City is only 1.7, in Philadelphia only 2.8. Erie, Pennsylvania, has a vacancy rate of 2.3 per cent and 5,000 abandoned units.

Ninety million people live within forty miles, or one hour's driving time, of the centers of metropolitan areas with more than 500,000 population. Yet less than 3 per cent of the 491 million acres of public recreation space in the United States lies within those areas. No national data have been collected on the availability of parks to people in the inner city. However, a 1970 study of recreation problems in urban impact areas in California showed an inverse relationship between family income and desire for recreation. For example, in families with an annual income under $2,000 the desire to participate in outdoor activities was almost double that of families with an income above $9,000.

While new parks are being acquired, many areas are suffering a decrease in available urban parkland. Studies now under way for the U.S. Department of Interior and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development show a loss of more than 22,000 acres of urban parkland in the last six years, much of it close to the inner city. The studies have disclosed that this land is being taken for highways, utilities, schools, housing, and other projects. Besides removing parkland from present users, this loss frequently brings an even greater number of people into an area to share a reduced supply of parks.

In addition, transportation corridors and industries along river and lake fronts have eliminated or cut off access to many locations suitable for public recreation. And the classic playground of the urban poor, the street, is now often congested by both increasing traffic and parked cars.

The open space land program of the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) has encouraged central cities to acquire and develop parks and recreation areas that are easily accessible to the residents. For example, five sites were acquired and

"Ninety million people . . . [share] less than 3 per cent of the 491 acres of public recreation space."

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developed in Montgomery, Alabama, with HUD assistance. They ranged in size from three to five acres in neighborhoods where median family income varied from $3,500 to $4,200. One park is in an area where 96 per cent of the dwellings are substandard, and another is in an older section of the city where there was no place to play except the streets. In Lowell, Massachusetts, four vest-pocket parks were built with HUD grants. One of the parks is in a Model Cities area where the median family income is $4,000 and approximately 40 per cent of the dwellings are substandard or dilapidated.

Between 1969 and 1970, the percentage of HUD open space funds allocated to the purchase of parks in low-income neighborhoods increased from 6 per cent to 33 per cent. The President, as part of his "Legacy of Parks" program, has asked Congress to increase the HUD open space program from $75-million to $200-million to assist cities in purchasing open space and developing parks in or near urban areas. The Legacy of Parks concept, announced in the President's Environmental Message to Congress in February, is a multifaceted effort to increase substantially the open space, parklands, and recreation areas of the nation and to redirect federal programs in a way that will place the new areas closer to where most people live.

In 1971, the President established the Property Review Board to evaluate federally owned properties to determine those which are underutilized and could be turned over to state or local governments for park use. Of the more than sixty properties already identified, thirteen properties containing 8,905 acres have been declared excess and are being conveyed to the appropriate state or local agencies. Most are in or near large urban areas where they can provide recreation opportunity for residents of the inner city. They include the Naval Devices Training Center, Sands Point, New York, with a beach area located sixteen miles northeast of Manhattan; 116 acres of the Cleveland Support Facility; Camp Pendleton and Border Field near San Diego; and Fort Tilden and Fort Hancock, which will be part of the Gateway National Recreation Area near New York City. The Gateway proposal, which the President has sent to Congress, will provide a 23,000-acre land-and-water park capable of serving twenty million visitors annually with indoor and outdoor recreational and cultural facilities, and will be linked with New York City's rapid transit system.

Automobile ownership often makes the difference between access to outdoor recreation areas and confinement to the limited parklands of many inner city areas. On the other hand, new highways that serve the car owner further diminish urban open space. Highway construction can also cost the city dweller his home, increase the pollution of his air, and add to the noise from which he suffers. In some cases, resistance to proposed new highway construction has knitted inner city groups and environmental organizations into new coalitions. For example, the Greater Boston Committee on the Transportation Crisis, a broadly based coalition of inner city and conservation groups, played an important part in winning the support of the Governor and the Mayor for an extensive review of Boston's transportation needs. Construction on a major segment of Interstate 95, on portions of the Inner Belt Interstate 695 (one section of which would split the Model Cities area in Cambridge), and on several other Boston area highway projects has been halted while the entire range of transportation alternatives is explored.

If a new highway severs a neighborhood, it decreases casual, social interaction between the two severed sides. It creates a psychological or visual barrier and often a physical obstacle. More than liberal vehicular access and an occasional pedestrian crossing are necessary to overcome the highway barrier. Even when continuous across-highway access is provided—as in the case of elevated structure construction—the highway's uninhabited strip remains a social barricade.

The presence of a highway near a neighborhood may have other impacts beyond the border or barrier effect. Noise, increased dirt, and fumes tend to make outdoor activities less pleasant and thus, to some degree, diminish the contacts needed to produce neighborhood cohesion. Heightened surface traffic can also develop from changes in traffic patterns after a new highway is built. Feeder streets in the vicinity of an interchange often suffer enormously increased loads. The effects of this increased traffic may turn the street into a greater barrier to social interaction.

During the past few years, federally aided highway construction has displaced an average of 60,000 people from their homes and businesses each year. Of the people displaced, three-fourths have been urban dwellers. Most displacement has occurred in areas of middle- or low-income housing units that cost less than $15,000 or rented for less than $110 a month. Displacement often has a heavier impact on minority groups than on others.

Growing opposition to urban highways has caused transportation planners to try to bring community advocates into the planning process. More attention is being paid to the social and environmental impact that the building of roads and mass transit systems has on inner city neighborhoods. For example, in the San Francisco-Oakland region, the Bay Area Rapid Transit System will offer a linear, landscaped park to several communities over a considerable distance by using the space under and adjacent to the elevated tracks. In recent years, the U.S. Department of Transportation, aided by a specific Congressional mandate in section 4(f) of the Department of Transportation Act, has developed procedures designed to reduce to a minimum the use of public parkland for new highways. The Supreme Court recently emphasized the thrust of Congressional intent to protect parks from encroachments by transportation projects.

One indication of a movement toward greater balance in U.S. transportation is the fact that rapid transit rail systems are being considered, currently planned, or under construction in sixteen American cities. Two are now under construction in the District of Columbia and San Francisco. Pittsburgh has such a system in the engineering stage, and thirteen other cities are considering or planning such systems: Atlanta, Baltimore, Buffalo, Dallas-Fort Worth, Detroit, Honolulu, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis-St. Paul, St. Louis, San Juan, and Seattle. The eventual success of mass transit systems is rooted in new design concepts, new sources of funding, and possibly incentives and sanctions involving the use of automobiles in the city. Few localities have yet come to grips with these realities. Federal revenue sharing would help resolve some of the financial obstacles not only by providing a specific fund for mass transit capital expenditures but also by giving states and localities the choice of distributing other shared revenue among various alternative modes.

A federal program designed to be responsive to local priorities and to support a multifaceted attack on inner city problems is HUD's Model Cities program, which President Nixon characterized as "one of the most important existing steppingstones to revenue sharing."

Though the program suffers from certain restrictions, such as the need to negotiate projects with Washington and the requirement that programs be limited to certain neighborhoods, it has afforded some of the participating neighborhoods limited but promising opportunity to engage in comprehensive approaches to environmental problems. Low-income housing construction, home rehabilitation, and demolition of dilapidated structures to make room for new housing are assisted in many Model Cities projects. So are recreation and cleanup projects.

Rat control programs are funded in

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about one-third of the model neighborhoods. Trash collection services have been extended in Gainesville, Georgia; thirty-one vest-pocket parks have been acquired and developed in St. Louis; a lead paint poisoning prevention program has been funded in Washington, D.C.; San Juan is being assisted in a major sewage treatment connection project; and in the Fresno, California, Model Cities neighborhood a comprehensive cleanup and maintenance campaign has been started, encouraging self-help by providing physical and technical assistance, lending tools, and buying garden equipment.

One comparatively new federal program devised to help local communities identify their problems in an interrelated way and set priorities for solutions is the comprehensive, action-oriented neighborhood environmental evaluation and decision system (NEEDS) in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's Bureau of Community Environmental Management. NEEDS is designed to help recognize the cause-effect relationship of environmental and social stresses—whether poor air, poor water, noise, crowding, bad housing, or neighborhood instability—on individual health, both physical and mental.

NEEDS conducts physical surveys and household interviews to determine the particular needs of a community. Locally recruited interviewers are trained and sent out to contact the families, conduct the interviews, and seek community participation. Once information is obtained, a computer analysis is developed to produce information leading to solutions tailored to the specific problems and priorities within the target area. The NEEDS program gives the city the ongoing capability to analyze both the severity of existing problems and the areas of potential crisis.

With varied sources of support, several community-based organizations are developing innovative programs aimed at comprehensive environmental improvement in inner city areas. One example is the Watts Labor Community Action Committee (WLCAC) formed in the wake of the 1965 riot. The committee's original motive was to beautify Watts and to make it a better place to live. Now in its seventh year, WLCAC has expanded from beautification efforts to a program involving recreation, education, job training, community business development, transportation, housing improvement, and youth activities projects. Money has come from federal and state agencies, labor unions, and the Ford and Rockefeller foundations. WLCAC's approach is to build the economic power of the community while upgrading and maintaining its environment. The committee operates seven supermarkets (stocked largely with produce from a WLCAC-run farm and manned by inner city residents), two gas stations, a credit union, a restaurant, a construction company, and a large U.S. Labor Department residential job center with extensive vocational training programs. WLCAC has also established vest-pocket parks and has sponsored recreation and cleanup activities throughout Watts.

Another comprehensive community-based program is the East Harlem Environmental Extension Service in New York City. It offers repair and maintenance services to inner city landlords at prices considerably below market rates. The extension service, which developed from a coalition of community and housing groups and a local hospital, is jointly funded by the city and the state. Forty-five environmental extension agents provide maintenance services. The agents—all from the community and trained locally by personnel from a vocational school, the local hospital, and city agencies—talk with and counsel the residents regarding proper home care. The service workers are trained in carpentry, electrical wiring, plumbing, plastering, rodent control, sanitation, heating repairs, fire prevention, and other general maintenance subjects, as well as tenant-landlord relations. A board composed of community people, with representation from landlords oversees.

The sometimes bitter experience of past years has taught the lesson that improvements in the daily environment of people must be sought with their help and guidance, not imposed on them by those who claim to know what is best. However, this focus should not obscure the fact that many of the forces that shape the intimate environment of the inner city resident are often beyond his knowledge and control.

The inadequate services provided by city governments generally can be traced to the inadequate tax base which provides the city's revenues. The major source of income for most cities is the property tax, which is often inefficient and inequitable. As the quality of the city environment deteriorates, middle-class residents move out, and income from the property tax declines, leading to more deterioration and plunging the city's fiscal base and public services into further decline.

More and more industries have moved to the suburbs for a variety of reasons, and this poses another difficulty for the inner city. It reduces job availability for residents, and city governments are denied tax income. When local governments in suburban areas accommodate new employers but fail to revise land use plans to make room for lower-income employees, they intensify the pressures on the central city.

The experience of the past ten years in trying to deal with inner city problems has demonstrated the need for an approach that fully takes into account the interrelationship among many varied factors. As the environmental perspective of all citizens matures to embrace greater concern for the quality of life, it is hoped that the plight of the inner city may command—in government and in the private sector—more broadly based efforts of a nation growing more intent upon improving the life setting for people, wherever they may live.

"Well, there goes the Apocalypse!"

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Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

Camouflaged Sewage Plant

FREEHOLD, N.J.

A MINIATURIZED, automated sewage treatment plant concealed within the shell of a typical suburban house is under construction here by Levitt & Sons. Designed to serve a community of 127 homes in a new Levitt real estate development, the reputedly noiseless, odorless, pollution-free facility will treat a minimum of 50,000 gallons of waste water per day. Standing on a one-quarter-acre building lot instead of the six or more acres usually occupied by a plant of similar capacity, the Levitt facility will look from the outside exactly like the $30,000-$40,000, two bedroom houses in the surrounding neighborhood.

In a departure from the conventional treatment of sewage—which is biological in nature—the Levitt system, designed by AWT Systems, Inc., of Wilmington, Delaware, depends on a chemical-physical process. Self-cleaning wedgewire screens will remove impurities. Residual solids will be induced to coagulate around magnetic iron oxide particles. A magnetic filter then will separate out the solids, forming a sludge that will be burned at about 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit, leaving about ten pounds of inert sterile ash per day. The waste water that passes by the magnetic coagulators and filters will be purified by passage through activated carbon. Impurities sequestered by the carbon will be removed periodically by the incinerator.

Spokesmen for AWT Systems say their treatment process removes 98 to 99 per cent of all suspended solids and more than 95 per cent of dissolved organic materials and phosphates, producing water that is of near-drinking quality.

The Environmental Protection Agency is paying $250,000 of the estimated $750,000 cost of the plant in return for an opportunity to evaluate the facility's performance. It is EPA's hope that the Levitt plant may prove to be a practical way of handling the sewage disposal needs of small housing developments that are too far away from existing municipal sewage systems to be hooked into those systems and that, because of population density or soil conditions, cannot use septic tanks.

If the Levitt plant meets expectations, duplicates of it might open up land to housing development in many parts of the country where stringent water pollution controls now preclude such construction.

Shoot Film, Not Guns

NEW YORK.

AS A MATTER of corporate policy, Pan American World Airways no longer will sponsor safari tours that have as their object the killing of animals classified by the World Wildlife Fund as "endangered species."

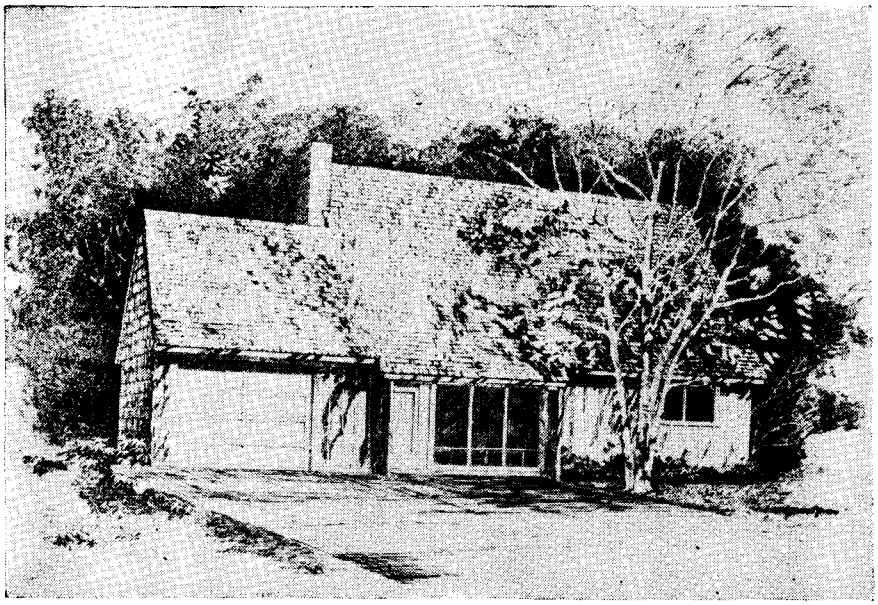
Among the species so designated are the jaguar, cheetah, leopard, tiger, crocodile, and rhinoceros. They have been the targets of past Pan Am safaris to South America, Asia, and Africa.

The airline estimates its annual revenue from those tours at "several hundreds of thousands of dollars." It plans to recoup the loss by promoting photographic safaris to the same areas to track the same animals.

Safaris to kill animals not on the endangered list will go on.

Iberia Airlines has agreed to discontinue its package tours to Paraguay to kill jaguars. Other airlines that run tours to kill endangered species are continuing the practice.

The World Wildlife Fund is trying to persuade all airlines to help protect animals. The fund has appealed to the International Air Transport Association to take a firm stand on the issue and "establish a code that would prohibit its members from being a party to travel schemes in conflict with the precepts of wildlife conservation."



—John Sierks for ITT Levitt & Sons

Sketch of sewage plant to serve 127 homes in Freehold, New Jersey.

Cashing In on Trash

DEARBORN, MICH.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY in the course of its production activities accumulates between 350,000 and 400,000 tons of used corrugated cardboard boxes and containers a year. The boxes are used for shipping parts to and from plants. Getting rid of the used containers is a problem. Traditionally, boxes have been burned in closed incinerators and the residue used for sanitary landfill. Recently Union Camp Corporation of Wayne, New Jersey, a major producer of unbleached, or kraft, paper and corrugated board, agreed to purchase from Ford about 100,000 tons of used cardboard boxes a year over a period of five years for an undisclosed sum. The balance of the used Ford boxes will be disposed of in the usual way.

Union Camp, which also purchases used corrugated cartons from textile mills, bottling companies, supermarket chains, retail stores, and a carpet manufacturer, will process the Ford containers in two recycling mills: one at Monroe, Michigan; the other at Montgomery, Alabama. There Union Camp turns out a new generation of corrugated boxes, liner board for containers, returnable beer cases, filing boxes, and sturdy, painted, cardboard living room furniture. One man's windshield carton may become another man's love seat.

Environment Reports Available

SPRINGFIELD, VA.

UNDER the provisions of the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, any agency of the federal government proposing legislation or planning to undertake an action "significantly affecting the quality of the human en-

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vironment" must file an impact statement with the President's Council on Environmental Quality. Copies of those statements are now available to the public from a single government source—the National Technical Information Service of the Department of Commerce, at Springfield, Virginia.

Summaries of environmental statements published in bulletin form every two weeks can be subscribed to for $5 a year.

Complete texts of original impact statements are available for $3 each if the documents do not run beyond 300 pages. Statements that run past 300 pages (a rare occurrence) cost $6. Comments on the original statements by various government agencies and final versions arrived at as a result of the comments are available at the same price.

Bicyclists Get a Break

SALEM, ORE.

FROM THIS MONTH on, at least 1 per cent of all Oregon state highway funds must be reserved for the construction of bicycle trails and footpaths. A "bicycle bill" signed into law this summer by Governor Tom McCall directs that such trails "be established wherever a highway, road, or street is being constructed, reconstructed, or relocated."

The amount of money involved under the new bill could be as much as $2.6-million a year—$1.3-million from state highway funds and a matching amount in federal funds. Governor McCall says he was informed by Undersecretary James M. Beggs of the U.S. Department of Transportation that the matching principle governing expenditure of federal highway building money in Oregon can be applied to construction of bicycle trails.

The Oregon state highway commission already has proposed a route for the first combined bicycle-footpath. It is a seven-mile stretch of abandoned railroad right-of-way running along the Willamette River through the Portland metropolitan area.

Bills to permit the use of federal Highway Trust funds in creating bicycle lanes and parking facilities throughout the country have been introduced in Congress by Representative Edward Koch of New York and Senator Alan Cranston of California.

No Dumping Place at Sea

ROTTERDAM.

AN INTERNATIONAL incident was recently avoided when a ship assigned by a Dutch company to dump 600 tons of chemical wastes in the sea returned to port with its cargo still aboard.

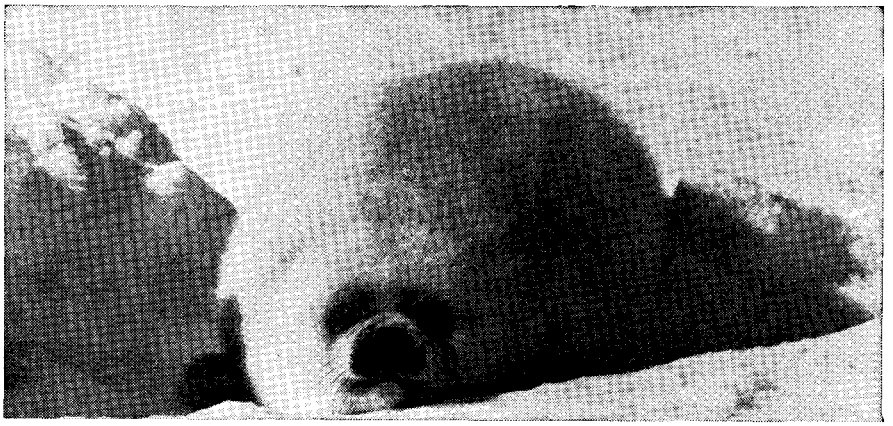
The Akzo Chemical & Salt Company, one of Holland's largest chemical and plastics firms, had chartered a tanker, the *Stella Maris*, to dump a cargo of chlorinated aliphatic hydrocarbons in the Atlantic midway between Iceland and Ireland.

Dumping in the North Sea and the North Atlantic has been a standard operating procedure of many countries for many years. Akzo therefore routinely informed the Dutch government of its intentions and the Dutch government, as a matter of courtesy, informed the Norwegian government.

But times have changed. Concerned that the *Stella Maris* might drop her cargo in the North Sea and thereby pollute their territorial waters and damage valuable fishing grounds, the Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish governments protested to the Netherlands. These actions were swiftly followed by objections from the governments of Great Britain, Ireland, and Iceland. Stalked by Irish minesweepers and unable to refuel at foreign ports in the North Atlantic, the *Stella Maris* returned to Rotterdam.

Akzo says the chemicals will be offloaded and stored in a sealed tank pending completion of a $3-million incinerator that already had been under construction.

The *Stella Maris* episode points up the need for some sort of international agreement covering dumping in regional and international waters. Such a convention has been drafted by a preparatory committee for signing at the 1972 U.N. Conference on the Human Environment in Stockholm.



—*Wide World*

Protection for Seals

OSLO.

THE Norwegian and Canadian governments have signed a treaty covering sealing operations in the northwest Atlantic. The agreement provides for protection of seal stocks and for regulations to ensure humane methods of catching the pups.

Under the pact, a joint Norwegian-Canadian commission will be established to do scientific research on sealing and conservation, and to make and enforce proposals governing conduct of the annual seal hunt.

Norwegian sealing vessels have been active for many years in Canadian waters in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and along the southeast coast of Labrador and the northeast coast of Newfoundland. Sealing is the main source of income in some areas of both countries.

The treaty will go into effect as soon as it is ratified by the Norwegian and Canadian Parliaments.

River Cleanup

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

A THREE-YEAR project to devise a comprehensive water management plan to clean up the Canadian portion of the Saint John River Basin is under way. Funded at $750,000, the project is being run jointly by the federal and provincial departments of environment.

The 400-mile-long Saint John River is New Brunswick's main waterway. It is seriously polluted by the effluent from pulp and paper mills (the province's leading industry), potato-processing plants, coal mines, and by municipal sewage. About seventy miles of the upstream stretch of the river is shared with the state of Maine and is the international boundary between Canada and the United States.

An interim report on the project was issued last January. It identified the major sources of pollution and made recommendations for controlling them. All large Canadian communities on the Saint John River were given a deadline of December 31 for upgrading their sewage treatment facilities. Polluting industries were given the same order.

Gaps in information concerning the ecological, hydrological, and socioeconomic effects of long-range planning for the river are currently being filled in The final step in the project will be the issuance of a water-management plan aimed at improving the quality of the river's water without worsening the province's economy.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

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ABORTION AND MORALITY

Has a potential human the right to live inside an actual woman without her consent?

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Induced abortion is deliberate human intervention to stop the development of a fetus. It is thus distinguished from spontaneous abortion, which occurs naturally following perhaps as many as one in three human conceptions. Although induced abortion has been the most widely practiced form of birth control since antiquity (with occasional competition from infanticide), the combined effects of four recent events have brought it fully into the public spotlight in America. These events were the rapid acceptance of legal abortion in Japan and Eastern Europe (with no obvious ill effects on society), the increase in concern over the personal and social consequences of unwanted children, the growing awareness of the need for contraception of all kinds to stem population growth, and the efforts of American women to achieve status and privileges equal to those enjoyed by men.

The principal questions that arise concerning induced abortion are also four: Is it needed? Is it safe? Is it moral? Is it the business of government or, indeed, of anyone other than the pregnant woman?

On the matter of need, the women of the world have already recorded their vote. In countries and states where all or most restrictions on abortion have been removed, the abortion rate often approaches or even exceeds the rate of live births. More surprisingly, this is true even in Italy, where abortion is forbidden both by law and by the very powerful Catholic Church. Since it can be safely assumed that most women do not take abortion lightly under any circumstances, the high abortion rate almost everywhere bespeaks a compelling need.

Nor can the need for abortion be eliminated by providing contraception in its place—although contraception should certainly be made universally available. It is not simply a matter of choosing either contraception *or* abortion, because the question of abortion arises only after contraception has failed. Since failures are inevitable, both technically and owing to human error, the only choice in such cases is between abortion and an unwanted child.

The question of safety is the most easily answered of the four. Medical studies show that an abortion performed under medically controlled conditions is several times safer than normal childbirth. Of course, illicit abortion performed by an untrained person under unsanitary conditions is very dangerous indeed. By making abortions illegal, we encourage dangerous ones and discourage safe ones, for it is already clear that women will have them whether legal or not. This situation is most severe for the poor; women with the required knowledge and financial means simply travel to areas where abortion is legal and undergo the operation in safety.

The question of morality usually centers on whether abortion is equivalent to taking a human life. A fetus is certainly alive—as are the cells destroyed every time you brush your teeth—but it is a *potential* rather than an actual human being. The some thirty thousand eggs present in the ovaries of each human female at birth are also potential human beings one step removed, since they require only sperm—available in abundance—to become embryos. Only a tiny fraction of these eggs are fertilized, however, and society does not mourn the rest. Nor is much thought given to the countless early spontaneous abortions that pass unnoticed in the menstrual discharge. If abortion is "murder," are these "accidental deaths"?

Such a *reductio ad absurdum* is not to suggest that abortion be undertaken frivolously. However, it does underline the distinction between potential and actual human beings that is already implicitly recognized by society. Denial of abortion subjects actual humans to the anguish of compulsory pregnancy and the burden of unwanted children—a burden that mothers share with siblings who may already be receiving insufficient care and attention, with unwanted children who may be abused or abandoned, and with the society that ultimately must cope with the maladjusted product. If actual human beings are of more consequence than potential ones, then abortion is moral. Those who believe that some fundamental tenet of religion precludes this view will be hard pressed to be specific. For example, even the great Catholic theologian St. Thomas Aquinas thought abortion permissible until the "quickening" (usually between the sixteenth and twentieth weeks of pregnancy).

If abortion is needed by individuals and by society, is medically safe, and is not patently immoral, it is difficult to be sure exactly what is accomplished in subjecting the procedure to restrictive government scrutiny. The legal distinction between potential and actual human life is clearer than the biological one: Infants are entitled to due process and equal protection under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, but fetuses are not. Because of this distinction, the relaxation of abortion laws could scarcely imperil the rights of infants or of elderly and otherwise dependent people. Moreover, as Lynette Perkes stated eloquently in a letter to the editor of *Newsweek*, ". . . neither they nor anyone else in our society now have a right even remotely like the one in question—the right to live inside the body of another person against that person's will."

Repeal of abortion laws is long overdue. One need not relish the idea of abortion to recognize that the practice is inevitable and its legalization preferable to the alternatives. It can and should be minimized by the development and distribution of more effective contraceptives, but it cannot be eliminated. A more worthy goal for those of humane bent is to improve the lot of those children who are wanted by their parents but who face misery, starvation, and disease in an overpopulated world replete with inequity.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 15: petal, pleat, plate, leapt.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

Before Stockholm

CONGRATULATIONS on "Three Reports on Global Pollution and the United Nations" [*SR*, Aug. 7] with cover picture of Maurice Strong. In regard to the U.N. Stockholm Conference, the United States government has taken steps "too little, too late" by way of preparation throughout the fifty states. I hope you will assay this weakness.

The most effective way to effect grassroots awareness and feedback is through the ten regional offices of the Environmental Protection Agency. Each should sponsor a mini-Stockholm prior to January 1, 1972.

SCOTT D. HAMILTON, JR.,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

The Highway Bill

THE letter to the Environment editor from Philip C. Wallwork of the National Automobile Association [*SR*, July 3] is unworthy of an intellectual magazine like *SR*. Many millions of us who have cars battle *against* proliferation of highways. Otherwise, why would the highway lobby have to spend a half-billion a year to keep the laws the way they are? Why would there be twenty-four highway lobbyists in Sacramento alone to keep the California legislators in the right "lane"?

The most glaring error in Mr. Wallwork's letter occurs when he says, ". . . who pays for the highways? Only the motorists." That is hardly *half*-true!

Senator James Mills of San Diego, when presenting his bill in the California legislature to liberalize the gasoline tax, stated: "In the state of California, well over $400-million a year of property tax money goes into the building and maintenance of rights-of-way for the automobile. This is almost as much money as the gasoline tax itself produces."

U. S. Senate hearings in July and October 1969 showed that in city after city across the United States substantial support for the automobile comes from property taxes. An example: In Milwaukee, each car pays 43 per cent of its way. The remaining 57 per cent is paid from city property taxes—equal to $70.12 per year per car.

JOHN B. LAMBERT,
President,
Modern Transit Society,
San Jose, Calif.

On Busting the Trust

DENIS HAYES lists many successes of groups fighting highway proliferation ["Can We Bust the Highway Trust?" *SR*, June 5]. One notable failure was the defeat of Proposition 18 on the 1970 ballot in California.

Proposition 18 would have allowed local officials, *if they so decided*, to use 20 per cent of the state gasoline tax (which now must all be spent on roads) to be spent on a public transportation system. A last-minute publicity campaign against the proposition was financed by the highway lobby. Individual oil companies reportedly donated as much as $35,000 during the last weeks of the campaign. Scare tactics were used in TV spots and on big billboards.

As a twenty-five-year member of the American Automobile Association, I was unhappy over AAA's expenditure of my money to fight Proposition 18. I told AAA officials so. If sufficient numbers of other AAA members took the time to write similarly, we might affect AAA's attitude when the Proposition comes up again in 1972.

MRS. CHARLES R. BURTON,
San Diego, Calif.

IN BUTTRESSING his case for the destruction of the Highway Trust fund, Denis Hayes glibly dismisses the value of highways to urban poor and minority groups. Without examining the matter very closely, he leaves the impression that the inhabitants of Watts, and others like them, are marooned in an autoless desert of asphalt.

Examination of some 1960 census material gives a different picture. In the first place, there were 1.1 workers per household in Watts, and more than three-fourths of them used cars to get to work, either as drivers or passengers. (The figure is almost identical to the picture here in Washington, where more than three-fourths of the District's black workers motor to their jobs, a higher proportion than among District whites.) More than half of the households in Watts owned one car, another 15 per cent owned two or more. Altogether, just under three-fourths of the Watts households owned at least one car.

While it is a fact that auto ownership in Watts and other low-income areas is substantially below that in more affluent neighborhoods (auto ownership and use being a function of income, not highway construction, as Hayes imagines), it is an oversimplification to say that auto transportation is unimportant to people at the bottom of the economic ladder.

A later experience in Watts emphasizes this point. After a demonstration bus program through Watts had been in operation for a couple of years after the 1965 riots, the director of the program noted that patronage had leveled off. Apparently as bus riders obtained jobs, they used some of their first wages to buy cars or put old ones back in operating condition.

There's no question that poor people suffer from inadequate transportation, both public and private, just as they suffer from low quality in other important services and facilities. But to suggest that the answer to their transportation problems is to stop building highways is like saying that the answer to their education problems is to stop building schools.

PETER G. KOLTNOW,
Highway Users Federation,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Koltnow refers, somewhat imprecisely, to a special study of Watts, conducted as part of the 1960 census. U.S. Census Bureau officials say the data show that 65 per cent (well under three-fourths) of the workers living in Watts used automobiles to get to work, either as drivers or passengers. Forty-eight per cent of the Watts households (less than one-half) owned one car, and 12 per cent owned two or more cars, giving car ownership to a total of 60 per cent (only three-fifths) of Watts's households.*

Denis Hayes, on being informed of the Koltnow letter, expressed regret over his unawareness of the special Watts census at the time he prepared his SR article. He explained that the statements in his article were based on three other seemingly authoritative sources:

1) The McCone Report on the Watts Riots, which states (page 67) that "only 14 per cent of the families in Watts are car owners." The McCone Report also states that a "lack of adequate transportation handicaps [residents of Watts] in seeking and holding jobs, attending schools, shopping, and in fulfilling other needs."

2) A number of Chicano leaders from East Los Angeles, testifying last spring before a fact-finding commission headed by U.S. Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma and Mayor John Lindsay of New York, mentioned among their principal grievances the lack of transportation (to work, school, health care and recreational facilities, etc.) as well as the destruction of their homes and neighborhoods to make room for freeways.

3) Last year, U.S. Housing and Urban Development Secretary George Romney declared publicly that only 15 per cent of residents of inner cities across the country owned automobiles.

Hayes added: "Mr. Koltnow has misrepresented my position. I advocated local option on highway building, not total stoppage of road construction. Anyhow, he has conceded one of the main points of my article, which was that the private automobile discriminates against the poor in the inner cities."

Infrared Bank

OUR STAFF here at the Technology Application Center (TAC) shares John Lear's enthusiasm for the beneficial role that infrared photography will play in bettering man's understanding and, hopefully, management of many conditions on earth as described in "Infrared Exploration—New Light on the Environment" [*SR*, April 3]. We note Mr. Lear's listing of several university groups engaged in developing and furthering the use of hyperaltitude photography of the earth, and regret that he did not include information about the extensive photographic bank from which TAC routinely makes available thousands of images to an international market. The bank is part of a continuing effort the National Aeronautics and Space Administration sponsors at the University of New Mexico to make the potential of such source material better understood.

WALTER W. LONG,
Associate Director,
Technology Application Center,
University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque, N.M.

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Ionesco

Continued from page 29

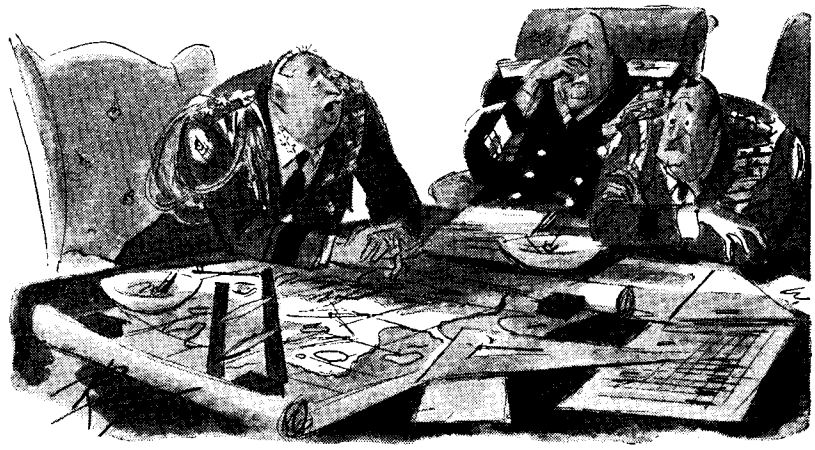
his rambling meditations on the Absolutes. And, in their mild way, they are interesting. The Ionesco of the journals is forthright, concerned, self-absorbed, prone to an optimistic belief in the ultimate goodness of man and to a rather soft-edged despair: worry, worry, worry. It's all very abstract and high-minded, and also a little fashionable: a few years ago his problems were strictly existentialist; now they are structuralist. But they are in no way profound or original.

In other words, the journalizing Ionesco is a decent but essentially square figure, wholly unrelated to the extraordinary talent who transformed the theatrical world in the 1950s. Unfortunately, it is *this* Ionesco who is now writing the plays. *Exit the King*, *Hunger and Thirst*, and *A Stroll in the Air* tackle the big problems and attempt big solutions, verbose, vague, swollen with philosophical hot air. As for the Absurd, what was once a wild and unpredictable visual imagination is now reduced to elaborate stage tricks: sudden visions of bliss concealed in the backdrop, men flying through the air like Peter Pan. Nightmare has turned into pantomime, and genius has dribbled away in metaphysics, whimsy, and device.

No doubt French intellectual life is partly to blame. Ionesco has always had a quarrelsome taste for polemics, and thirty years of gang warfare, political dogmatism, critical stupidity, and misinterpretation have encouraged him to lay it on the line. He has, at least, steadily refused the easy comfort of taking political sides. Instead, he has fallen into spelling out his own message. And insidiously the message has become the medium. He himself has described the process eloquently near the end of *Present Past:*

> There was a time, long, long ago, when the world seemed to man to be so charged with meanings that he didn't have *time* to ask himself questions, the manifestation was so spectacular. The whole world was like a theater in which the elements, the forests, the oceans and the rivers, the mountains and the plains, the bushes and each plant played an incomprehensible role that man tried to understand, tried to explain to himself, and gave an explanation of. But the explanations were less important: what was essential, what was satisfying, was the evidence of the presence of the gods, it was plenitude, everything was a series of glorious epiphanies. The world was full of meaning. The Apparition was nourished by the spirit of the gods, of what can be called gods; the world was dense. Exactly when did the gods retire from the world, exactly when did the images lose their color? Exactly when was the world emptied of substance, exactly when were the signs no longer signs, exactly when did the tragic break take place, exactly when were we abandoned to ourselves, that is to say, exactly when did the gods no longer want to stage a spectacle, exactly when did they no longer want us as spectators, as participants? We were left to ourselves, to our solitude, to our fear, and the problem was born. What is this world? Who are we?

It is beautiful, of course, and eloquent. But there was a time, long, long ago, when Ionesco's art was also so dense and charged with meanings that his answer to those large, closing questions would have been a straight "Who cares?" Now the questions interest him more than the created world. It may please his fellow "immortals," the windbags of the Académie Française, but the loss to the theater is enormous.



"Well, gentlemen, now that we've had our little fun in projecting possible future joint-operational amphibious campaigns, I suggest we get back to the current business of winding down and phasing out."

Want to Be Rich?

Continued from page 32

complicated for the IOS auditors and attorneys. To avoid detection of their illegal currency operations, salesmen were given code names for identification in all correspondence and company records. And to outwit the secret police in Brazil, Venezuela, and elsewhere—a major source of harassment—IOS created its own CIA.

Internal problems multiplied. Moreover, doubts were arising in various quarters about IOS publicity releases and its executives' glib answers to the worried questions of investment analysts and bankers. The ingenious maneuvers of Ed Cowett to hold the empire together before and during the public offering of $110-million of stock by 122 international investment houses (the second largest issue of stock offering in history) is the climax of the story. What follows is best left for the reader to learn—and perhaps profit by.

As the authors aptly observe, "A point can be reached at the height of a speculative boom when transactions become so complicated that they baffle the very minds which devised them, so that men—and companies—end up swindling themselves. That point had now been reached: IOS was now supporting itself into a state of collapse."

Cornfeld and most of the 100 or so comprising the "inner circle" group came through the crisis, but, ironically, Bernie, who in 1968 was worth over $100-million on paper, was put in the red two years later by "his BAC 1-11 airliner, which had been purchased partly for tax-avoidance reasons, and partly as a piece of transport to rival Hugh Hefner's."

The scores of personal interviews, the months in far-flung towns and cities devoted to examining reams of correspondence, personal files, and news reports, followed by a tremendous job of editing have made the account of this twentieth-century financial debacle an engrossing document. In addition, adequately defined technical terms and explanations of fiscal operations contribute to the reader's understanding of the financial technicalities.

Unfortunately, one can predict with certainty that IOS will not be the last "perfect" plan to amass wealth. The shortness of man's memory plus his desire for riches by the least personal effort are two parts of an equation that usually has a lesser quantity than expected after the equal sign.

Sterling Clements, an investment consultant, is in Europe analyzing the economic scene.

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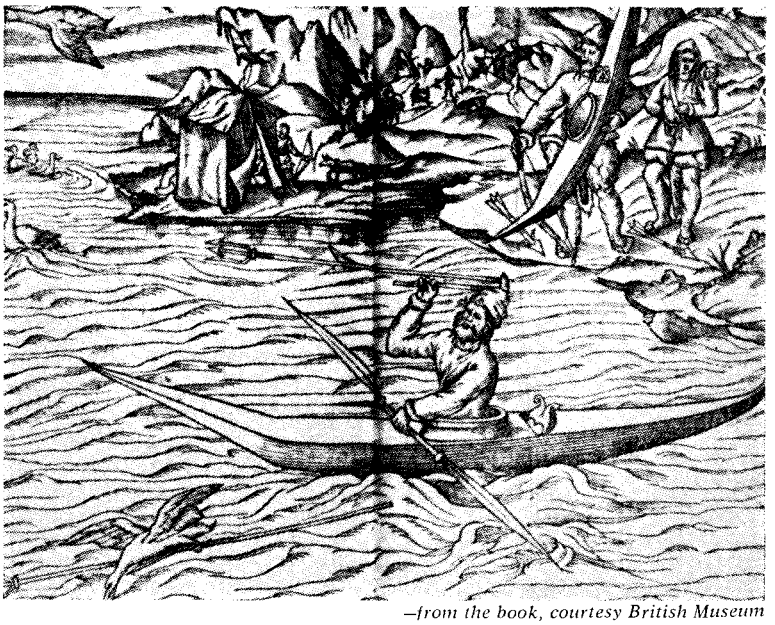
THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: The Northern Voyages A.D. 500-1600

by Samuel Eliot Morison

Oxford, 712 pp., $15.

Reviewed by John Lear



—from the book, courtesy British Museum

Lucas de Heere's drawing in Dionyse Settle's "True Report" (1577), depicting an Eskimo demonstration at Bristol, with a native background.

■ For most people, Christopher Columbus is still the discoverer of America. But 600 years before he sailed from Spain other men were making stabs at the New World from various other points in Europe. Samuel Eliot Morison tells the story of those others in *The European Discovery of America.* It is a brisk and enjoyable tale, even though limited to voyages in the Northern Hemisphere. After all, the Northern explorers were the ones who found the most valuable lands in the modern sense.

Morison credits the real discovery of America to Biarni Heriulfson, a Norwegian shipowner who traded with Iceland and visited his father, Heriulf, on Iceland every summer. On arriving at his father's home in 986, Heriulfson discovered that the old man had left for Greenland with Eric the Red, an exiled murderer. Heriulfson followed his parent to Greenland, missed a landing at that new-found territory, and came instead upon an unknown land "level and covered with woods." Realizing that this land could not be Greenland, Heriulfson sailed off without going ashore on what must have been Baffin Island of Labrador. Heading northeast, he made shore on Greenland, met his father again, and disappeared into history, leaving Eric the Red's son, Leif, to duplicate Heriulfson's voyage in search of wood in the year 1001.

I can only applaud this approach and what follows in its train. But I am distressed by the cursory manner in which Morison's opening chapter disposes of unconventional questions. For example, he calls Plato's Atlantis legend an invention in spite of recent research strongly indicating that Atlantis really was the Aegean island of Santorini, a volcano that blew its top about 1400 B.C., wrecking the Minoan empire. Morison also repeats the old belief that the compass "was invented at Amalfi in the late twelfth century" of the Christian Era; how could he have missed Joseph Needham's monumental *Science and Civilisation in China*, which clearly establishes that magnetism and its use in determining direction were known in China at least as far back at 233 B.C. and that the compass may have led Chinese explorers to American shores, where figurines with Chinese facial features have since been found?

Since a minor essay of mine is mentioned (without being clearly identified) in Morison's bibliography, I feel entitled to ask a question: Should a historian of Mr. Morison's superb talents and unchallenged prestige throw the whole weight of his well-earned authority into quashing a line of historical inquiry without laying out the evidence to support such a massive negative or at least telling his readers where the evidence is to be found so that they can dig it up and weigh it for themselves?

My query is provoked by Morison's curt dismissal of the idea that Mediterranean sailors may have visited the New World many centuries if not millennia before Christopher Columbus landed on what he thought was the coast of China. In the body of his first chapter, Morison quotes Justin Winsor as saying in 1889 that "no evidence from the classic writers justifies the assumption that the ancients communicated with America." Nor, Morison adds at that point, "has anyone since discovered any such evidence." I wonder about that.

Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and Strabo all wrote of lands beyond the limits of the world familiar to them. The Greek literature contains other references to navigation through seaweed so thick that it was as effective as "bushes" in restraining the passage of ships—a state of affairs best known to exist in the Sargasso Sea, halfway across the Atlantic between the western coast of Africa and the tip of Florida. A specific island "of immense extent" somewhere in the ocean was mentioned by Theopompus, who wrote in the fourth century B.C.; he said the island was "inhabited by strange people quite different from ours." Three hundred years after Theopompus, Diorodus Siculus told of an "island of considerable size . . . distant from Libya [Africa], a voyage of a number of days to the west"—a "fruitful" place, "much of it mountainous and not a little being a level plain of surpassing beauty." "Navigable rivers" flowed through this land, which, "because of its distance from the entire inhabited world" had remained undiscovered until Phoenician colonists from the neighborhood of present-day Gibraltar, "while sailing along the shores" of Africa "were driven by strong winds a great distance out into the ocean."

When Constance Irwin eight years ago assembled these details in *Fair Gods and Stone Faces*, she pointed out that any sailor who left the western coast of Africa would not reach an island with navigable waters until he came to Haiti or Cuba. Unless, of course, the "island" was the continent of South America.

Curiously, Morison accepts as a real happening a Phoenician voyage far more difficult and dangerous than an Atlantic crossing. Described by Herodotus, it was ordered by the Egyptian Pharaoh Necho, who reigned from 609 to 595 B.C. Necho's galleys, carrying crews "of at least fifty officers and oarsmen," circumnavigated the African continent from east to west, stopping and going ashore "when autumn came" to plant, grow, and reap a crop of grain on which to subsist until the next autumn. The voyage took three years. Herodotus didn't believe it happened because the sailors claimed the sun sometimes rose in a different region of the sky from the one where they were used to seeing it at home. Their heroic exploit was scoffed at for hundreds of years until German geographer Alexander von Humboldt observed that the seemingly odd behavior of the sun was an excellent reason for accepting the verity of the Phoenicians' passage around the continent.

"The most 'solid' evidence" for "the Phoenician discovery of America," Mor-

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ison says scornfully in his bibliographical notes, is the reported discovery in 1872 by a Brazilian slave of an inscribed stone tablet. The inscription reputedly told of twelve men and three women who had been blown ashore in Brazil by a storm that separated their ship from others rounding Africa on a two-year expedition. "Obviously," Morison says, "this is an attempt to hook up the tablet with the circumnavigation of Africa ordered by Necho." Morison characterizes the tablet as "one of those fakes which never dies."

But is that legendary Brazilian tablet really the most solid evidence for Phoenician discovery of America? Much stronger support, it seems to me, has been published by the German art historian Alexander von Wuthenau, in *The Art of Terracotta Pottery in Pre-Columbian Central and South America.* This book contains images of almost 350 different individuals, tiny clay portraits photographed (often in color) by the author himself during fifteen years of investigation that took him as far back in time (confirmed by radio dating) as the year 2393 B.C.

> When I began [Wuthenau writes] I had no intention of making a study of the artistic representation of various races simply because I did not suspect that this aspect existed. On the contrary, what I was looking for were typical "Indian" heads. It was not long, however, before I discovered that in the early, lower levels [of archeological excavation] these "genuine Indian" heads were not to be found. . . . What is considered to be genuine Indian only developed, so far as I am able to judge on the strength of these terracotta representations, in early and middle Classic times, and probably derived from earlier types.

The earliest figures Wuthenau encountered were "those with Mongoloid characteristics and also real Chinese and varied Japanese wrestlers, Tartars, all kinds of white people, especially Semitic types with and without beards, and a surprising number of Negroes and those with Negroid elements."

Wuthenau cites two sixteenth-century American missionaries who gave "substantial reasons" for considering "the possible presence of Jewish influence in pre-Hispanic America." One was the Dominican friar, Diego Duran (born in 1540 in Mexico); the other Fray Gregorio Garcia (1554-1627), also a Dominican, whose "relatively little-known book, *Origen de los Indios del Nuevo Mundo*, must definitely be considered a document of primary historical importance written by an intellectually disciplined eyewitness . . ."

Among the hundreds of thousands of Central and South American clay heads Wuthenau has handled—an art history extending almost 4,000 years before the arrival of the Spanish conquerors who followed Columbus—the German historian makes special mention of one from Monte Albán, Oaxaca, which he compares to a neolithic figure found in Palestine, a small double-bearded head "which we now recognize without any doubt as a representation of the Phoenician and Egyptian deity, Bes."

Could the terracotta likenesses so eloquently testified to by Wuthenau have been the work of artists who relied only on their imaginations? Wuthenau writes: "It is in contradiction to the most elementary logic and to all artistic experience that an Indian could depict in a masterly way the head of a Negro or of a white person without missing a single racial characteristic unless he had actually seen such a person. The types of people they depicted must have lived in America."

I am unable to consider Wuthenau's observations apart from some other matters discussed in my "Ancient Landings in America" essay [*SR*, July 18, 1970], which Samuel Eliot Morison cites in his derision of the accounts of the "Phoenician" tablet attributed to Brazil. One matter especially holds my attention: the customs of the Yuchi Indian tribe.

Joseph B. Mahan, Jr., research director of the Columbus (Georgia) Museum of Arts and Crafts, wrote a Ph.D. thesis on the Yuchis, who moved from Georgia to Oklahoma in 1836. Mahan found them racially and linguistically distinct from other Indian tribes inhabiting the southeastern United States. The Yuchi chief told him they had come to western Georgia from the south after originally arriving in America from the east. Mahan was particularly struck by one Yuchi custom: a pilgrimage the Yuchis made to their cultural center on the fifteenth day of the harvest month. At that time they lived for eight days in unroofed booths covered with branches and foliage. Throughout the festival the celebrants walked around a fire carrying leafy branches, which were shaken periodically. Modern Jews will easily recognize their annual Feast of the Booths, also called "Tabernacles" or "Sukkoth," celebrated at the same date for the same duration of time.

Mahan's discovery of this tribal memory among the Yuchis prompted him to read up on the southeastern American Indian tribes. Among his findings was the *Twelfth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution 1890-91.* It included an artist's sketch of nine skeletons found in a tomb at Bat Creek, Tennessee, in 1885-86 by Cyrus Thomas, who was excavating mounds built by pre-Columbian inhabitants of North America from Georgia to the Dakotas, people who must have been skilled in mathematics and geometry, for they built perfect circles, arcs, squares, and parallelograms [see "Ancient America's Geometers," *SR*, Oct. 3, 1964].

Accompanying the Bat Creek sketch and the text in the Smithsonian report was a photograph of an inscribed stone discovered beneath the skull of what was taken to be the chief personage buried in the mound. The Smithsonian report said the inscription was in the Cherokee language. Mahan knew it was not Cherokee. But what was it? He turned the picture upside down. What he saw reminded him of characters in ancient Mediterranean documents, and he sent a copy of the picture to Cyrus Gordon, Brandeis University linguist. Gordon said that some of the characters were Canaanite and that they could be translated in either of two ways: "belonging to Jehu" or "for [the land of] Judah."

I queried Dr. S. Dillon Ripley, the Smithsonian secretary, on this discovery. What effort was the Institution making to clarify the identity of what had been thought to be a Cherokee relic? Dr. Clifford Evans, chairman of the Smithsonian's Department of Anthropology, replied that an expert in Cherokee had confirmed Mahan's contention that the writing on the tablet was not Cherokee. Although various Semitic scholars had obtained photographs of the tablet, none had conveyed a translation to Dr. Evans at the time he last wrote to me weeks ago. He told me that fragments of wood taken from the Bat Creek mound were not large enough to be dated by the radioactive carbon method. Preliminary tests of metal bracelets found with the inscribed stone indicated that the bracelets were not made of brass. They were being examined in an attempt to correlate them with European trade goods of various periods.

I have given considerable space here to details that Samuel Eliot Morison may turn up his nose at. He could justifiably say that I have been belaboring only one chapter in a big book, the locale of which is the Northern Hemisphere. If Phoenician explorations were made, they would have crossed the Southern Hemisphere, which Morison will cover in a second book.

My comments are offered now as an encouragement to Morison to go deeper into the Phoenician traditions when he reaches the Southern Hemisphere.

John Lear is science editor of Saturday Review.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 b, 2 f, 3 a, 4 l, 5 c, 6 d, 7 m, 8 j, 9 e, 10 g, 11 i, 12 k, 13 h, 14 n.

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THE RA EXPEDITIONS

by Thor Heyerdahl
translated from the Norwegian
by Patricia Crampton

Doubleday, 341 pp., $10

Reviewed by Sheldon A. Jacobson

■ In the tombs of the Pharaohs, Thor Heyerdahl observed that papyrus ships pictured in wall paintings were "of the same general type that the pyramid builders of northern Peru had painted on their ceramic pots when their civilization flourished in South America. . . ."

> The largest reed boats in Peru [he writes in *The Ra Expeditions*] were depicted as two-deckers. Quantities of water and other cargo were painted in on the lower deck, as well as rows of little people, and on the upper deck the earthly representative of the sun-god, the priest-king, usually stood larger than all his companions, surrounded by bird-headed men who were often hauling on ropes to help the reed boat through the water. The tomb paintings in Egypt also portrayed the sun-god's earthly representative, the priest-king known as the Pharaoh, like an imposing giant on his reed boat, surrounded by miniature people, while the same mythical men with bird heads towed the reed boat through the water.

Moreover, Heyerdahl had found sickle-shaped reed boats and bird-headed men painted on the stone walls of the oldest ceremonial village on Easter Island, where the aboriginal people called the sun *ra*, as did those on hundreds of Polynesian islands he visited. In ancient Egypt, too, *ra* was the name for the sun. Common to these far-flung areas are giant monolithic statues of similar construction, dating back to antiquity, and there are other coincidences; an article in *American Antiquity* (January 1966) cited by Heyerdahl lists "sixty cultural parallels between ancient Peru and Egypt."

To support his thesis that Egyptian reed vessels plied the Mediterranean as far as Gibraltar and Morocco, and from there could have carried the seeds of Eastern civilization to the Americas, Heyerdahl resolved to sail from North Africa to America in a fifty-foot replica of an ancient Egyptian papyrus vessel.

Both shipwrights and reeds to construct the boat were obtained from Chad, in central Africa, at considerable risk of death from warring Arabs, and, among other vicissitudes attending the venture, one mentioned in Heyerdahl's account casts a grim sidelight on the status of race relations: "Abdullah [an interpreter] was later arrested and imprisoned . . . , suspected of being my agent in Bol for the black slave trade to Egypt."

—*from the book*

A slowly sinking papyrus vessel crossed the Atlantic in 1970. Might its prototype have done so in the days of the Pharaohs?

Heyerdahl chose to leave from the port of Safi in Atlantic Morocco because it would give him easy access to the westward currents. His contempt for danger is almost incredible. Reed boats, unless dried out daily, can be expected to float only two weeks; the Norwegian archeologist of *Kon-Tiki* fame embarked for a cruise of two months, and but one of his six companions had had any experience of sail. To avoid hurricanes, he wanted to depart by May; yet 13 per cent of them occur in June and July. The *Ra* foundered short of her goal, so he repeated the voyage; then, realizing while still close to the coast of Africa that *Ra II* was gradually sinking, he jettisoned equipment, food, and water and headed for open sea.

Harder to understand is the reckless dedication of his crew. Perhaps, under the eyes of his capitalist shipmates, the Russian ship's surgeon was too proud to back out; perhaps the American Jewish navigator, the only professional sailor among them, was on his mettle before the Egyptian.

On the second try their 3,000-mile epic voyage was completed, although it was touch and go whether the waterlogged vessel would make Barbados in the West Indies. Incidentally, it is shocking to read of the severe pollution encountered in mid-ocean.

We have mounting evidence that the ancients crossed the Atlantic from the Mediterranean. It seems inconceivable, however, that men would have set forth on long voyages in slowly sinking reed craft, whose carrying capacity, by Heyerdahl's own showing, was practically nil, when something better was available. Sturdy wooden vessels, in fact, were built and sailed by the Minoans at the end of the 3rd millenium B.C., if not earlier.

A striking record of a daring voyage, *The Ra Expeditions* is marred by sloppy English—the translator uses "like" as a conjunction, for instance, and writes "leeway" when she means "way." We read such solecisms as "with his intelligent eyes, lips that were always curling into a smile and teeth quick to part in laughter, Abdullah Djibrine was a true, full-blooded child of nature . . ." And the book has been carelessly edited, with much jumping about from theme to theme, which results in ideas startlingly isolated from their rightful context. *The Ra Expedtions* does have a generous allowance of pictures, 111 in beautiful color. And, editorial shortcomings aside, this is not only an important contribution to the annals of the sea, but an essential purchase for the layman's library of prehistory and anthropology. As Thor Heyerdahl remarks, "It is no proof of intelligence to underestimate the level of others because they came into the world before we did. We are harvesting the fruits of their labors."

Sheldon A. Jacobson, an amateur sailor interested in ancient ships, is the author of "Fleet Surgeon to Pharaoh," a novel based on the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phoenicians 600 years B.C. *(see page 61).*

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THE PERFECTIBILITY OF MAN

by John Passmore

Scribners, 396 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Walter Arnold

■ "What else is nihilism but this," Nietzsche remarked, "that we are tired, we are tired of man." Just so, and there are evidently plenty of us who are "tired of man" today. We seek either to assume a purely animal existence or to transcend the limits of what is traditionally understood as human. In *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, B. F. Skinner writes, "To man *qua* man we readily say good riddance." Nihilism is the sour fruit of perfectibilism.

Yet perfectibilism is hardly extinct. Professor Skinner at least *thinks* he represents the true way to human satisfaction. Consider, too, the aims of some spokesmen for radical politics or for the apolitical new communalism. We are continually tempted to pursue perfection, if not as individuals, then for society or the species. How has this come about, what forms does the pursuit take, and what are we to think of it? I find it difficult to imagine a better discussion of these questions than that in *The Perfectibility of Man*, which is a masterful essay in the history and analysis of ideas. Worthy of comparison with the work of the late Arthur O. Lovejoy or with J. B. Bury's *The Idea of Progress*, it is comprehensive without vagueness, critical without narrowness, drily witty while being deeply learned, and most timely and usable. That it is not "perfect," that there are errors, that hard problems and new visions are not considered, is appropriate to the book's argument.

The author, John Passmore, who is professor of philosophy at the Australian National University, must, moreover, be one of the best makers of philosophical prose in English today. He has Bertrand Russell's clarity without his shallowness, at least in historical subjects. He has the vital sense of history that so seldom accompanies analytic minds, and the philosophical penetration that is almost completely absent from "experts" in the social and behavioral sciences.

In this exposition and critique, which covers 3,000 years of intellectual and social history, Passmore traces the growth and shifts of at least eight different senses of human "perfection" and "perfectibility" that can be discerned in the contexts of our ordinary ways of using these words. Thus to assert that man is perfectible may mean: there is some task in which each and every man can perfect himself technically (Aristotle and Locke); he is capable of wholly subordinating himself to God's will (Augustine and Karl Barth); he can attain to his natural end (Aquinas and Erich Fromm); he can be entirely free of any moral defect (the Stoic sage and Christian saint); he can make of himself a being who is metaphysically perfect (Plotinus and Sri Aurobindo); he can make of himself a being who is harmonious and orderly (Plato and Spinoza); he can live in the manner of an ideally perfect human being (Socrates and Jesus); or he can become godlike (Nietzsche and Teilhard de Chardin). I would add at least a ninth possibility which is peculiarly modern: he can become like a self-regulating machine (La Mettrie and Skinner).

Not surprisingly, it was Rousseau who first popularized the idea of *perfectibilité*, but as Professor Passmore anatomizes the general idea one sees the ways in which it has branched out from ancient times. For practically every modern notion of human perfection we can find very old roots and counterparts. One of the strengths of the book is to show the history of such ideas as a kind of laboratory where certain "thought experiments" have already been carried out whose results point a way—or indeed "no way."

As Passmore, the author of the equally excellent *A Hundred Years of Philosophy*, makes clear, Christianity, despite the injunction of the Gospels to "be perfect," generally tends to reject perfectionism, especially in any of its more naturalistic or finalistic forms. However, in the ascetic-mystical tradition within Christianity there is a tendency to seek identity with the perfect One. Professor Passmore notes that this sort of mysticism tends also to reject the specifically human. Interestingly, he finds it reappearing in the writings of such people as Norman O. Brown, and in the Paradise Now trend of the drug and occult culture. But, for the most part, orthodox Christianity is exceedingly wary of any sort of ideal humanity except that of Jesus. Professor Passmore is also wary, and he does not pretend to survey ideas without having some himself and showing where he stands. He is obviously more sympathetic to the "dystopian" tradition, from Baudelaire to Orwell, than to the utopian. Like a good classical humanist he is suspicious of any attempt to approach an absolute state, even one of continual improvability. As he strongly argues, the mystical way itself can be fundamentally dehumanizing in seeking finally to expunge all human attachments. Suspicious, too, of what he calls the Big Loves of God and Humanity and Nature, Professor Passmore stresses that it is the "little loves" that keep us together and striving to "be perfect" in finite responsibilities. "These are the men to be feared above all others—the Robespierres who 'love humanity,' the Inquisitors who 'love God.'" He quotes Vaclav Havel's devastating line in his play *The Memorandum*: "When the good of Man is at stake, nothing will make us sick."

At the present time the danger to what the majority of us cherish as most human, valuable and vulnerable does not come from would-be perfectibilists so much as from various kinds of misanthropes who wish to abolish man as he has been conceived in the great humanistic-religious tradition. These are the infrahumanists, who would like to take Walt Whitman's wish literally and go and live with the animals; the transhumanists who want to go beyond the finite sphere *now*; and the mutahumanists who supply us with genetic dreams of "clonal man," "super-humanity," and other options of a sportive manipulation of nature. To these people "the perfectibility of man" must seem a quaint phrase and one insufficiently "challenging." That Professor Passmore's study hardly begins to deal with these dreams or nightmares is a token of its being a human and therefore limited work. Nevertheless, it is a necessary book for anyone concerned with the future of man.

Walter Arnold, a book editor, teaches at Fordham University, Lincoln Center.

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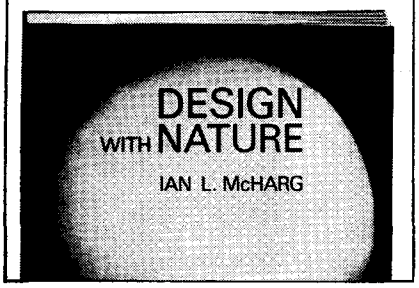

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CONDEMNED TO FREEDOM

by William Pfaff

Random House, 210 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Charles Lam Markmann

■ "There is no political freedom without intelligence," William Pfaff declares at the end of his chapter on "The Future of Ideology" in this Hudson Institute book, "and today intelligence itself is in need of defense." But how is this day different from all other days?

Condemned to Freedom is dangerous because it is a carefully reasoned polemic whose logic is only occasionally flawed. Its validity, however, is totally aborted by the false premises on which the author's arguments and conclusions are founded. The left and liberalism have governed the West for more than 200 years, Mr. Pfaff posits, and they have ended in bankruptcy and crisis. What is required, in order to save the freedom without which liberal government cannot endure, is therefore a "postliberal politics" that will manifest itself as a "radicalism of reason."

Nowhere does the author offer us definitions of his terms; at best we obtain indirect illustrations, and these are not always supplied, nor are they at hand when they are most needed. One has almost to finish the book, for example, to learn what Mr. Pfaff means by democratic government—"regard for minorities." Nor does he tell us his conception of liberalism, though his characterization of democratic government seems a dilution of the famous statement on liberalism in *The Revolt of the Masses*, by José Ortega y Gasset (to whom Mr. Pfaff's debt is obvious in the book though unacknowledged):

> Liberalism is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right which the majority accords to minorities and hence it is the noblest cry that has ever resounded in this planet. It announces the determination to share existence with the enemy; more than that, with an enemy which is weak.

For the past two centuries, Mr. Pfaff rightly contends, no government has practiced this kind of liberalism. In his view, Gaullism in France represented an outstanding exemplar of liberal government; but Gaullism would hardly meet Señor Ortega's criterion. Liberalism, Ortega adds, is an attitude that is noble, paradoxical, acrobatic, anti-natural; "a discipline too difficult and complex to take firm root on earth."

This uncomfortable truth appears more than unpalatable to Mr. Pfaff, though he cannot wholly elude it. Like Señor Ortega, he perceives a crisis that is essentially moral; unlike the philosopher, the polemicist misunderstands what constitutes a moral crisis, which "arises not when problems seem very great, but when there no longer is a secure belief that we *deserve* to resolve them: that we have a *right* to go on in this way." The italics are Mr. Pfaff's; so is the false equation between the right to resolve problems and the right to go on as before. It is not merely the lack of "unqualified confidence in the legitimacy—which is to say, the right and competence to rule—of liberal government" that makes this crisis. Rather, the moral crisis is implicit in Mr. Pfaff's own assumptions of left-liberal hegemony and his astounding assertion that "for the generations under middle age there has been a popular experience of economic success and a demonstration of general competence on the part of the political, financial, and private managers of the economy" of "the liberal West." Competence to whose ends? This is a strange judgment to come from a writer who professes to be concerned for the general freedom and welfare.

Liberalism, Mr. Pfaff tells us, places its faith in the "beneficent outcome of the free play of ideas and popular forces," and "assumes the power and ultimate success of reasoned action." This faith and assumption, he concedes, are now assailed by doubt; and to him a liberal society's self-doubt is neurotic. Its extreme manifestations are the fascisms of left and right, of which he correctly says that both would destroy freedom and liberalism—however defined. But Mr. Pfaff totally misses the essence of their viewpoints when he says that "both are ethical movements, directed to no pragmatic change or institutional reform or policy redirection, but to achieving a new moral condition for America." Of course they aim at new moral conditions, but the concrete changes and redirections of policy that they want are glaringly apparent, and it is inconceivable that new moral conditions could be achieved without inevitable practical transformations.

Misconceptions of this sort are multiple in the book. Vietnam is a liberals' war, the author tells us; and perhaps he is right if *liberal* is a pejorative noun. But what liberal would have made that war on the "moral" grounds that, Mr. Pfaff insists, are the only motivations behind it? We must assume the naïveté of such a notion and his touching faith in Mr. Johnson's and Mr. Nixon's rhetoric of peace antedated the final proof to the contrary made public by Daniel Ellsberg. And yet Mr. Pfaff is quite cognizant of the moral eunuchry of this country's international positions elsewhere.

Turning back to American history as a whole and rightly differentiating between conservatism and right-wing fanaticism, Mr. Pfaff is nevertheless capable of stating that conservatism "has hardly existed" here and that "America, pre-eminently, has been the liberal society, with no room for anything else." Such avatars as the Buckleys and their *National Review* circle, he reveals, are not conservatives at all but merely anti-liberals, caricatures of liberals whose values they share. There may be here a truth that the author did not intend.

He is nearest the mark when he points out the helplessness of the individual in a mass society. We are all at the mercy of the technocratic rationalists, the quantifiers. The socialists, Mr. Pfaff states, are no better off, and all the basic programs of socialism have been tried and been proved bankrupt regardless of venue. Centralized power, he argues, is the death of freedom, yet it is precisely for its centralized power that he commends Gaullism. "The abolition of power is not a political program but anti-politics: an . . . articulation of despair." But, to borrow from Emile Capouya in "Laying Down the Gun," do we really care to perpetuate relations of power among men?

Mr. Pfaff is not wholly innocent of untruth. "There are," he says, "few Americans, and no major American political movement, arguing the necessity or inevitability of a poor proletariat in America." He chooses to forget the business executives' conclave in a luxurious Southern resort a year or two ago that adopted a resolution calling for a reduction in employment in order to combat inflation, to say nothing of Richard M. Nixon's 1968 campaign promise—to do exactly that.

"The crisis of liberalism," Mr. Pfaff perorates, "comes out of the fact that we are condemned to freedom." A new morality is to him a mere sentimental alternative to revolution, an evasion of change rather than a foundation for it. Instead, he urges, we must overcome our fear of freedom and its responsibilities and embark on a radicalism of reason, which alone can save the liberalism that (he says) we have had for our 200 years as a nation. But he gives no more than the alliterative tag —no shred of intimation of its essence. Out of the insubstantial rhetoric that concludes his book only one certainty emerges: we must cling to what we have and try to improve it, rather than even contemplate any basic change, for basic change is revolution, and any revolution must inevitably destroy freedom. Thus Mr. Pfaff speaks and thus he proves his own valedictory: "Today, like birds striking against a glass, we beat against the meaning of freedom."

Charles Lam Markmann is a journalist, critic, novelist, and translator. His latest book is "The Noblest Cry."

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Letters

Continued from page 25

the quality and philosophy of *SR*'s editorials. For many months—over a year, in fact—I have meant to write about this, but somehow every time a particular editorial brought the response, "I *must* write!," other business (or busy-ness) interfered.

MARY S. KING,
Buckhorn, Ky.

I READ the "Report to the Readers" with a special sort of chill running down my back. After having nurtured *SR* from a noble idea, N. C. almost lost it. I can well imagine the trauma, and I simply want to say how very glad I am that both N. C. and the magazine have survived this very real crisis intact.

GEORGE W. BONHAM,
Editor-in-Chief,
Change Magazine,
New York, N. Y.

I CERTAINLY appreciated N. C.'s taking the trouble to acquaint *SR*'s readers with his personal views of the recent ownership changes. I have always felt unusually "attached" to *SR*, and I gather from his remarks that N. C. is similarly inclined toward *SR*'s followers. Frankly, I am quite relieved to know that I can continue to read such a lively periodical without fear of its succumbing to insubstantial fads. Thank you for reassuring us all.

PETER C. STORANDT,
Assistant Dean,
Medical College of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I READ the "Report to the Readers" with a variety of rather rapid reactions. For some unknown reason, I had been for some time apprehensive concerning *Saturday Review*. I suppose this feeling arose in the back of my mind simply because I realize that *SR* is unique. So often it seems to me that the thought presented in *SR* appears as an electrifying beacon lighting a way for humanity when no other source of communication seems to offer any comparable concrete hope. I feared, therefore, that we could easily lose this treasure, since the freedom of expression does seem to be struggling for its very existence. . . . I think that when one truly analyzes the whole thing, one can only conclude that the outcome is some kind of modern-day miracle. It is a miracle that came about, I am certain, because N. C. wanted it to do so. There are others of us who want and need the inspiration that we so often find in the pages of *SR*. Your readers are in some manner caught up in the definition of the magazine. At least I know that *SR* becomes a part of me—all the way to the last classified ad.

The time is definitely here and now for more and more individuals to begin to change their own thinking, their own awareness, and their attitudes toward themselves and others. Only by a greatly accelerated program in the right kind of education can enough people change in time.

JULIA PRICE TSCHANTZ,
New Philadelphia, O.

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GOLF PACKAGE and beach vacations at Hilton Head Island's most exciting luxury resort, Palmetto Dunes. Low cost Golf Package only $29 includes unlimited golf on Robert Trent Jones designed course, breakfast, gourmet dinner, lodging, cart, airport transportation. Villa rentals as little as $25 a day for a family of four. Steps to ocean, pool, tennis, clubhouse, restaurant, more. Write for color brochures. Palmetto Dunes Resort, Department 349, Box 5008, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928. Phone 803-785-2151.

THE FLYING CLOUD INN—A secluded Colonial retreat in the heart of the Berkshires. Featuring tennis, swimming, woodland walks, carefully prepared menus and selected wines. Congenial company. Enjoy fall foliage, local fairs, antiquing. Capacity 20 guests. Reservations required. Open to October 31st. Reopen December 20th. New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01230. Tel. 413-229-2113.

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BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

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PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

EFFICIENCY, FABULOUS MARCO ISLAND, Florida, near Naples-on-the-Gulf. Garden type, air-conditioned, kitchenette, furnished. Cablevision, pool. On 3 mile beach. Excellent fishing, golf, shelling, restaurants, stores. November, December $75 weekly, $250 monthly! January, February, March $150 weekly, $500 monthly. Norman Myers, Box 906, Burlington, Vermont. Tel. 802-862-5757 *or* 802-864-4100.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—New housekeeping cottages right on fabulous beach. Get away from automobiles and TV. $29 daily, double. White Bay Sandcastle, Jost Van Dyke.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

WORKSHOPS

PHOTOGRAPHY: "Residence," a large adobe workshop in New Mexico where camera work is an ongoing process towards life realization. Only eight at a time. Accepting applications for some early spring and summer openings. Box 4414, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD". Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

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GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND — SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonnigheim Castle (near Stuttgart), Paris, Madrid, London, American credit system. Special programs in music, theatre, fine arts. Stimulating European travel. Choice of graduate and undergraduate summer courses; string instrument summer workshop. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

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TRAVEL

EAST AFRICAN NATURE SAFARI. Andy & Alice Colquhoun specialize in arranging and accompanying Photographic Safaris for one or two married couples. Box 168, Thomson's Falls, Kenya.

GOING ABROAD? Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Box 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries, "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z1G Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

JOIN THE CREW in the Virgin Islands for 8 days sailing aboard popular sailing ship, "MAVERICK." From $190, all inclusive. Free folder. Stateside phone 201-566-6416, or Airmail WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Kensington, central yet quiet. Good, middle-class accommodation with friendly atmosphere. Light housekeeping facilities and full hotel services. Singles, doubles and 2/3 room suites, all with central heat, TV, radio and telephone. From approximately $5 to $8 daily per person. Clearlake Hotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington, London W.8. Tel. 01-937-3274.

MEXICO CRUISE. Sail aboard the last Windjammer to exotic tropical ports of La Paz, Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Acapulco. Swim, scuba and adventure. 28 days-$785. Trade Wind Cruises, Box 176, Dept. 100A, Palos Verdes Estates, California 90274.

BASKETVILLE—World's largest basket stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rts 5 & 91); Manchester (Rt 7); in Massachusetts, 200 Hudson Street, Northboro; Florida, Venice (Rt 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

SPLIT TO EUROPE! We'll JET you there and back. All dates. Lowest rates. Group Flights Consolidated, Inc. 212-658-5090.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for fall. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

ONE TO THREE PARTICIPANTS wanted to join young wildlife enthusiast on a 30-day camp safari in East Africa this fall. Serious replies only. Box D-166.

SAIL MALAYSIA, INDONESIA—85 foot sailing ship for charter—filming, research, pleasure—itinerary your choice. Contact The Hynds, c/o U.S. Embassy, Singapore.

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME down Mexico way, Baja peninsula and Sierra Madre mountains. Free brochure. Mitch Williams, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1952

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "The _____ shows the matin to be near," says Hamlet's father's ghost. (comp.)	32 60 182 83 121 147 151 3
B. Palm of Madagascar that yields an important fiber	109 130 145 47 49 62
C. Solemn and stately dance used in ancient Greek tragedy	69 90 141 154 170 175 57 81
D. Growing on bark, as a lichen	88 94 123 149 166 23 42 51 64 84 131
E. Fits or settles into a suitable receptacle	168 177 26 37 86
F. Slowly cooling emotions, memories, etc. that are still capable of being enlivened	171 148 55 89 117 138
G. Tennyson poem (2 wds.)	139 150 167 59 79 95 102 104
H. Responsive; occurring in reaction	128 137 134 143 125 30
I. In effect; practically (3 wds.)	31 93 106 110 156 169 4 115
J. Occupation or business	21 53 116 152 165 179 7 73
K. Passing (of a bill into law)	34 20 96 6 45 50 76 99 100

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Insincere profession of devotion or good will (2 wds.)	124 126 157 172 80 35 24 133 13 107
M. Cinch, sure thing (comp.)	161 1 17 22 72 120
N. Am. jurist and diplomat (1785-1848; "Elements of International Law")	163 52 114 160 178 71 11
O. Correct (3 wds.)	12 28 74 122 135 159 181 33 68 91
P. Interweave	112 136 16 44 118
Q. Hero of San Jacinto	158 77 140 173 180 46 5
R. Insincere or compromising (comp.)	8 25 105 132 85 41 92 2 48 101 144 39
S. Jerks	61 14 183 97 103
T. Short, pithy statement	40 176 113 98 146 164 87 9
U. "The deep, _____/Which none save exiles feel." (2 wds.; Aytoun, "Island of the Scots")	10 63 43 65 155 29 56 27 142 82 162 54 108 119
V. Stationery, esp. that used for personal correspondence	127 66 15 58 70 36 75 129 174
W. Form of bowling	67 38 18 78 19 111 153

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 M	2 R	3 A	4 I	5 Q		6 K	7 J	8 R	9 T	10 U	11 N	12 O	13 L	14 S	15 V	16 P
17 M	18 W		19 W	20 K	21 J	22 M	23 D	24 L	25 R	26 E		27 U	28 O		29 U	30 H
31 I	32 A	33 O	34 K	35 L	36 V	37 E	38 W	39 R		40 T	41 R	42 D	43 U	44 P	45 K	
46 Q	47 B		48 R	49 B	50 K	51 D		52 N	53 J	54 U		55 F	56 U	57 C	58 V	59 G
60 A	61 S		62 B	63 U	64 D		65 U	66 V		67 W	68 O	69 C		70 V	71 N	72 M
73 J	74 O		75 V	76 K	77 Q	78 W	79 G	80 L		81 C	82 U	83 A	84 D	85 R	86 E	
87 T	88 D	89 F	90 C		91 O	92 R		93 I	94 D	95 G	96 K	97 S		98 T	99 K	
100 K	101 R	102 G		103 S	104 G	105 R	106 I	107 L		108 U	109 B		110 I	111 W		112 P
113 T	114 N		115 I	116 J	117 F	118 P	119 U	120 M		121 A	122 O	123 D	124 L	125 H		126 L
127 V		128 H	129 V	130 B	131 D		132 R	133 L	134 H	135 O		136 P	137 H		138 F	139 G
140 Q	141 C	142 U	143 H	144 R		145 B	146 T	147 A	148 F		149 D	150 G	151 A	152 J	153 W	154 C
	155 U	156 I		157 L	158 Q	159 O	160 N	161 M	162 U		163 N	164 T	165 J	166 D		167 G
168 E	169 I	170 C	171 F	172 L	173 Q		174 V	175 C	176 T	177 E	178 N	179 J	180 Q	181 O	182 A	183 S

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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Highballing down a track to disaster

If the railroads should cease to exist, the United States of America as you know it would grind to a paralyzing halt.

You would soon have very little to eat.

And no electricity to light your house. Or heat it. Or pump water into it.

Your job would wither away.

You'd have no television, no radio, no telephone, no newspaper to tell you what was going on.

And try as they might, the trucks, the pipelines, the airplanes, the barges would not be able to fill the gaping demand.

Chaos, even rule by panic, might erupt.

Fanciful?

Not in the least, if the railroads are allowed to die. And right now, some of our railroads are on a fast track to disaster.

The railroads need our help. And we all need the railroads...strong, healthy, and free to retain their vital place in our free enterprise system.

So, let us all do something about it. Write to your senators and congressmen. Tell them how you feel about the importance of keeping our railroads alive.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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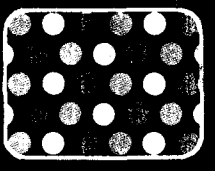
The Peale, Model C3722W
Simulated TV Picture

Zenith introduces a portable that ...outcolors ...outbrightens ...outdetails, and ...outperforms every other color TV its size.

Now famous Zenith Chromacolor comes in a new 16-inch (diagonal) portable that goes anywhere in the house.

Its totally advanced Chromacolor system features Zenith's dependable Handcrafted chassis and patented Chromacolor picture tube—the first tube to fully illuminate every color dot on a jet-black background. To bring you a color picture so good, you really have to *see* it, to see why it's become the standard of excellence.



Visit a Zenith dealer and see Zenith's new 16-inch (diagonal) portable. Newest member of the Chromacolor family of screen sizes. At Zenith, *the quality goes in before the name goes on.*®

ZENITH® PORTABLE CHROMACOLOR®

ONLY ZENITH HAS IT

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